SRL GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS (Begins on page 21)

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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FOR FRANCE

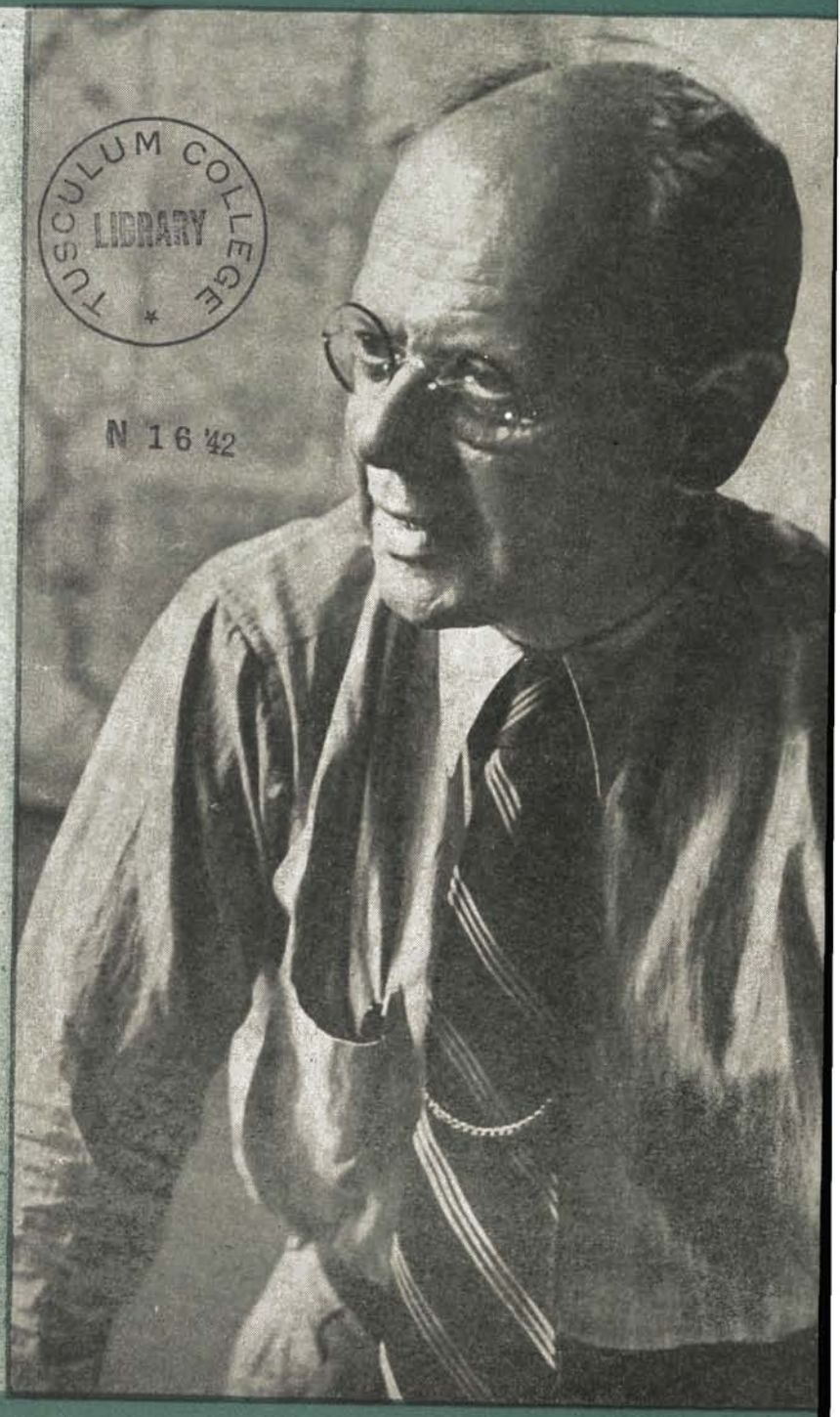
AMERICA'S DUTY TO FRENCH CULTURE
by Archibald MacLeish

O STAR OF FRANCE
by Walt Whitman

"THE TWILIGHT OF FRANCE"
by Alexander Werth
Reviewed by André Maurois

"WHAT ABOUT GERMANY?"
by Louis P. Lochner
Reviewed by S. L. Harris

"THIS IS THE ENEMY"
by Frederick Oechsner
Reviewed by Percival R. Knauth



LOUIS P. LOCHNER, author of "What About Germany?" (See Page 8)

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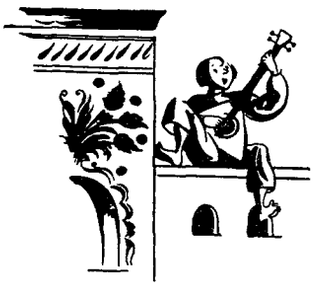

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The Saturday Review of Literature

America's Duty to French Culture

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE living culture of any nation is preserved only in its living people. It is not the books stored away in the libraries nor the pictures hung on the gallery walls which constitute the culture of a nation, valuable as these treasures are. The living culture of any nation is the present capacity of its people to produce the pictures which are not yet in any gallery, the books which no library possesses, the music no one has ever heard, the words and sounds and forms and calculations, the political propositions and the architectural equations and the social orders and the private grace in which the essential character and genius of a nation is exposed.

In this sense the preservation of French culture in France or in America or anywhere else on earth is the affair of the French people and of the French people only. The Library of Congress can preserve upon its shelves the books which the envious vandalism and the intellectual timidity of the fascists have destroyed in Europe. The Librarian of Congress can maintain the free access to the treasures of French literature in America which the individual whom the Nazis have appointed to the direction of the Bibliothèque National is obliged to refuse. But neither the Library of Congress nor any other institution of learning in the United States can preserve French culture. French culture will be preserved by the living men and women of France, wherever the violence of this time has scattered them, who light, in the darkened country of their birth, or in the stranger's house, in the cities of their exile, the pure and humble fires which smell of their own land—which smell of France and of the future.

What I should like to write of briefly, then, is not the preservation of French culture in America but the *possibility* of French culture in America. On this subject there are certain things an American can say, for the question here is American as well as French. The question is a question of place as well as of man, of country *in which* as well as artists *by whom*. There are countries in which the artists of other countries can work and there are countries in which the artists of other countries cannot work. The scene itself has its significance—receives or refuses to receive—lends itself to the stranger and to the artist or refuses to lend itself.

The continents and islands of the Americas are continents and islands with a granite character of their own—a character which accepts and rejects—a character which has altered the transplanted life of Europe far more than any European knows. Those Europeans who believe, as most Europeans do, that the New World is merely a new stage for an old play—those Europeans who believe that the New World is either New Spain or New Portugal or New England or New Scotland or New France—have very little understanding of America and no comprehension whatever of the degree to which the Americas have rejected where they could not accept, and altered where they could not conform, and created for themselves where it became necessary to create for themselves.

It is not enough for a culture to be European to insure its successful practice in the Americas. It is necessary also that it should be able to survive the American climate (which has its peculiarities) and the American sun (which has its violence) and the American winds (which have their own strength and their own gentleness) and the American earth (which will accept one seed and not another) and the expectancies and judgments of the American men and the American women who have adapted themselves to this climate and these countries.

—*From "V for Vengeance," by Dennis Wheatley.*

IT is not enough either for an artist to be a European to insure his ability to practise his art in the American continents. There have been European artists before this who would work with great difficulty, if they were able to work at all, in the country of the high plains or in the tidewater cities or on the lower river or in the metropolises by the Lakes.

An artist can work only when he feels himself in the current of his own life, and only in those cities or those countrysides where the current of his own life is made free to him or where the current of his own life is caught up in a greater current he can accept as his. Some countries have offered foreign artists the one; some—a few—have offered them the other. Paris, for greatest example, was the city, in the days of its glory and its freedom, in which any artist from any country of the world could find himself—could free his own life of the limitations and the restrictions and the confusions and the commonplaces which were imposed upon it elsewhere and not least at home. The great gift of Paris to the young men who came to her from many countries was this—that she left them alone—that she received them and accepted them and left them to themselves, left them to the life they brought with them and the life they found, both of which were in sum their own lives.

American artists could work in Paris in those years because the Paris they worked in was the image of the Paris they had hoped to find. The great gift of Paris to the artists of the world during her years of freedom was the magical opportunity she offered to them all to free themselves from the falsifying expectations of their habitual lives and to let their feet go forward on some narrow pavement in the winter odor of the charcoal and the rainy wind until they turned a corner somewhere and came

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face to face with what they might become.

America has no such gift to offer to the exiled artists of France. The American cities have their own qualities which are memorable qualities and not to be belittled. Other cities have the beauty of gardens, or of quays, or of parks and palaces and cathedrals, or of narrow streets from another century—precincts of the past. American cities alone in the world have the beauty of being only cities—cities insisting on their noise and strength and height and shine as cities. But precisely for that reason—precisely because they insist upon themselves—they cannot become to any artist of another country what Paris was for many generations to almost all who came to her—they cannot surrender themselves to become the surrounding of a man's life, the mirror of a man's looking, the means to a man's accomplishment. Paris was "she" to every man who ever went to her with his life to find. No one, I think, has ever spoken of New York as "she" and meant it—or of Chicago or Los Angeles.

If America has anything to give the poets and artists and musicians of France who have been driven here by the Nazi terror it is not the secret and magical freedom to discover the current of their own lives but the opportunity to find in the current of American life a force and a direction they can recognize as theirs without sacrificing their character as Frenchmen or their integrity as artists.

IT is my conviction, for whatever my conviction may be worth, that America does now, today, in the year 1942, offer such an opportunity. I realize that this is a presumptuous statement to make. I realize that it is a statement which, three years ago or five or ten, would have been obviously false. Three years ago and ten years ago, the relation of American life to French art was a relation which would scarcely have insured the possibility of the development of French culture in this country. During the years between the wars, and particularly during the later years between the wars, French art was not a people's art in America but a rich woman's fashion. And when the art of one country becomes a fashionable woman's fashion in another there is no possibility of communication between the artists of the first country and the people of the second. It is doubtful if the people of America, in all the long history of their friendship for the people of France, were ever farther from the people of France or from the work of the artists of France than in the years when French art meant to the people of this country a fashionable formula and a handful of exotic names appropriated, as their private and expensive property, by the wealthy women of New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago and a few of the more elaborate suburbs of those and other towns.

But what was true three years ago has not always been true in the United States. One hundred and fifty years ago the people of France and the people of America, though they knew far less of each other by names and by statistics, were divided by no such false and artificial barriers. The people of the two countries had shared a common history and could communicate with each other, and the artists of the two countries, had they crossed the Atlantic, would have found a life and an experience they could understand and share. The living and creative culture of revolutionary France responded to the living and creative culture of revolutionary America. The influence of Mr. Jefferson was only less felt in Paris than in Philadelphia and Thomas Paine was not only the author of "Common Sense" but of "The Rights of Man"—not only secretary to the American Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, but a Member of the French Convention.

The climate of opinion in the two countries was not perhaps the same but neither was it so different as to strike an American in France or a Frenchman in America as unfamiliar. In such a relationship the work of French writers or French painters

(*Continued on page* 18)

O Star of France*

WALT WHITMAN

O STAR of France,
The brightness of thy hope and strength and fame,
Like some proud ship that led the fleet so long,
Beseems to-day a wreck driven by the gale, a mastless hulk,
And 'mid its teeming madden'd half-drown'd crowds,
Nor helm nor helmsman.

Dim smitten star,
Orb not of France alone, pale symbol of my soul, its dearest hopes,
The struggle and the daring, rage divine for liberty,
Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthusiast's dreams of brotherhood,
Of terror to the tyrant and the priest.

Star crucified—by traitors sold,
Star panting o'er a land of death, heroic land,
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land.

Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins, I will not now rebuke thee,
Thy unexampled woes and pangs have quell'd them all,
And left thee sacred.

In that amid thy many faults thou ever aimedst highly,
In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself however great the price,
In that thou surely wakedst weeping from thy drugg'd sleep,
In that alone among thy sisters thou, giantess, didst rend the ones that shamed thee,
In that thou couldst not, wouldst not, wear the usual chains,
This cross, thy livid face, thy pierced hands and feet,
The spear thrust in thy side.

O star! O ship of France, beat back and baffled long!
Bear up O smitten orb! O ship continue on!

Sure as the ship of all, the Earth itself,
Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons,
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty,
Onward beneath the sun following its course,
So thee O ship of France!

Finish'd the days, the clouds dispel'd,
The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication,
When lo! reborn, high o'er the European world,
(In gladness answering thence, as far afar to face, reflecting ours Columbia)
Again thy star O France, fair lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever,
Shall beam immortal.

*This poem is more than seventy years old. It was written about the France of 1870-1871.

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The Dual Personality of France

THE TWILIGHT OF FRANCE. By Alexander Werth. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 361 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

SO much has been written about the fall of France and so much of it is worthless, prejudiced, or misinformed, that one now opens with intense diffidence a book entitled "The Twilight of France." Yet when the reader notices that the Preface is written by D. W. Brogan, who is responsible for the best book on the Third Republic ever written in any language, his attitude becomes more respectful. Then he comes to the book itself and discovers, with surprise and relief, that here at least is an author who knows what he is writing about.

Alexander Werth lived in Paris many years, first as a student, later as a correspondent for the *Glasgow Herald* and for the *Manchester Guardian*. Thus he came to know France and Frenchmen intimately. You can feel that intimacy in every sentence. If he quotes a few words in French, they are the words a Frenchman would have spoken on such an occasion. His portraits of French statesmen are not the preposterous caricatures drawn by other and less accurate observers. Alexander Werth does not believe that a man is necessarily all black or all white. He knows there are such things as shades, and doubts, and mysteries. Of course he has his own passions, like every living creature. His reactions are those of an intelligent and honest Leftist. He dislikes Bonnet and Laval, but he never allows his judgment to run away with his emotions, nor his personal prejudices to tamper with facts. On the whole, he is a very reliable informer.

The book is not a continuous narrative. It is largely made of articles and books written during the last fifteen years by Alexander Werth. As the author is at present in Russia, the task of editing the material fell to D. W. Brogan, who also wrote a valuable introduction. "This is," says Mr. Brogan, "primarily a political chronicle, a first-class political chronicle . . . The tragedy followed the farce when the stage was suddenly invaded by characters out of Wagner, and the characters out of Sacha Guitry suddenly found themselves at a loss." The center of the book is the drama of Munich; it is treated here as a Shakesperian drama, and scenes of pure comedy alternate with the tragic events.

Both Brogan and Werth give us their versions of the disaster. Brogan exonerates France proper and incriminates the French parliamentary system. He sees in France, during the past twenty years, a striking difference between the achievements of the French nation and those of the French state.

> It was not merely that France was as fertile as ever in talent and in genius, that her primacy in the arts was undisputed, her leadership in the sciences contested by few. Her moral life, too, seemed to be renewing itself; there were everywhere signs of a second Spring. Not quite everywhere: the state, the political organization, seemed unchanged or changed only for the worse . . . The authority of the executive had been destroyed . . . Political authority had passed to Parliament, to the thousand deputies and senators. Most of the senators and deputies were neither fools, nor knaves. But they were members of a morally dangerous trade . . .

Lack of a strong executive, a defective electoral system, no organized parties—I agree with Mr. Brogan in his diagnosis of the disease.

Mr. Brogan is very careful not to blame France more than he does any of the former victors:

> The failure of the French to understand, in time, what was the full import of the Nazi revolution was due to virtues as well as to vices. Accustomed, in their own country, to vehement words covering moderate and reasonable projects, the genuine German extravagance, an extravagance of content as well as of form, was discounted by the man in the shop and on the farm who, for too long, took the bellowings of the Führer as bluff and bluster.

And further:

> The gullible English spectator of the madness of the Third Reich thought that all this extravagance covered a fundamental soundness of practice and aims, that the frenzies of a Nuremberg party-day were merely a Teutonic version of an Aldershot tattoo plus a Scout jamboree. The gullible Frenchman thought they were mere declamation. He thought the ideals proclaimed were detestable, but he thought they had no chance of being put into practice. It was a more respectable error, but its consequences were the same—and, in France, they were not mitigated by the existence of the Channel.

This is soundly thought and admirably said.

As to Alexander Werth, he sums up the reasons why France was not prepared as follows: (1) France had lost so many men in 1914 that the dread of war was natural and intense; (2) The French war-machine was defensive and the Maginot Line meant the loss of all Eastern allies; (3) inadequacy of equipment, particularly in the air—the result partly of routine methods among the French high command, and partly (says Werth) of the *Front Populaire* period, which had disorganized the output of armament. He doubts whether plain treason played any part in the German advance, but he believes that the latent discontent of the *bien pensants,* since 1936, must be taken into account to explain their subsequent attitude.

Alexander Werth

All this might be discussed and qualified; on some men and events, I do not agree with Mr. Werth; but the originality and importance of the book is not there. It is in the details, in the thousand anecdotes, portraits, short scenes, which for anyone who like myself lived through these fateful and deceitful years evokes with such truth and intensity his memories of men and things. Here are Herriot, Daladier, Chamberlain, Phipps, Osusky and many others; here they speak and act exactly as they did; here is March 7th, 1936, the day when the last chance to get rid of Hitler by a short war was lost. How well and how impartially Alexander Werth tells that story, I advise you to look up for yourself. And I particularly admire the characteristic honesty with which he acknowledges British responsibility. If only all Frenchmen could be as fair to France as these two Britishers, French unity would soon be achieved.

James B. Boston, formerly of Dayton, has been awarded the Ohioana prize for writing "the book published this year by an Ohioan that has contributed most to the understanding of present-day America." Mr. Reston's volume is "Prelude to Victory."

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The Nazi Enemy

THIS IS THE ENEMY. By Frederick Oechsner, with four collaborators. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 364 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

"ON Sunday, December 14th, the (Foreign Press) Association (of Berlin) lost fifteen more members when a bus carried the American press corps from the U. S. Embassy to Potsdamer Station on our way to internment in Bad Nauheim. Beyond the Bradenburger Tor, in front of Dr. Goebbels's residence, the bus parked for a few minutes to wait for the rest of the motorcade bringing the Embassy staff. A curtain was pulled aside and a familiar figure appeared at the French window. Dr. Goebbels probably was heaving a sigh of relief. He was getting rid of fifteen of his worst problems."

Five of the "problems" referred to in the above quotation were the members of the Berlin bureau of the United Press. To Frederick Oechsner, Central European Manager; Joseph W. Grigg, Berlin chief; and Jack M. Fleischer, Clinton B. Conger, and Glen M. Stadler the day had come for which every American newspaperman who worked in wartime Germany had shared mingled dread and fatalistic anticipation—the day when they would become *de jure* the alien enemies of Nazi Germany which they had always felt themselves to be. The fifteen Americans in that bus were facing unknown days, weeks, months of internment they knew not where, with nothing but the thin thread of hope that the Reich would stick to an agreement to exchange them for Germans as a barrier to despair. December 14th was the end of an era of fortitude and unsung heroism in American newspaper history; for the fifteen Americans traveling toward Bad Nauheim it was the final dark day in a seemingly endless succession of dark days which only those who lived them can fully comprehend.

The American newsmen had had a job to do, and they had done it. Now, to all practical purposes, it was finished. Behind them in Berlin, their offices were occupied by the Gestapo. Their files were confiscated—those they had not destroyed or previously managed to smuggle out of the country. The doors of their homes were sealed, their personal belongings, books, and furniture abandoned. They carried with them to incarceration only the clothes on their backs and what they could stuff hastily into suitcases. But in their minds they carried something the Gestapo could not confiscate—the memory of years of work in Nazi Germany in the uneasy peace before September, 1939, and in the war which followed.

Out of these memories this book came forth. It was, as Frederick Oechsner says in his foreword, "conceived in chaos and born in custody." In the Bad Nauheim camp, the Berlin staff of the United Press continued to function. In daily staff conferences, the five reporters pooled all the information they had assimilated in years of newsgathering to produce a record of the sum of their knowledge to use when and if they got home. Each chose a special subject; each, after all the data had been brought forth in long and "sometimes heated" discussion, drew up a detailed synopsis of the material in his particular field. The result, inevitably, was a book, in which Mr. Oechsner wrote on morale and general politics, with special chapters on Adolf Hitler

(Please turn to page 10)

Frederick Oechsner

WHAT ABOUT GERMANY? By Louis P. Lochner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 384 pp. $3.

Reviewed by S. L. HARRIS

WE are all familiar with the spirit of Nazism, but I have never seen the Moloch portrayed in so glaring a light. Mr. Lochner shows us how Hitler and his gang have reproduced on a national—and international—scale the exploits of Al Capone in the back streets of Chicago. From their humble and generally disreputable beginnings these gangsters have acquired a taste for inordinate display. In splendor Hitler out-Kaisers the Kaiser, and the Nabobs of India are pikers compared to his henchmen. The paranoia which invariably attacks all those who wield unbridled power appears in Hitler in one of its commonest manifestations—the building of Prachtbauten—structures of splendor—irrespective of utility or cost. His musclemen, too, have established themselves in the mansions of dispossessed Jews and anti-Nazis.

The methods by which Hitler seized and held power are graphically described. For one brought up in the atmosphere of democracy with its accepted time-honored formulae, one of the commonest of which is the Habeas Corpus Act, I think the most frightening picture given by Mr. Lochner is that of the Nazi conception, or rather denial, of Justice.

A great part of this book is naturally concerned with the preparations for war and the conduct of the war itself. "Schrecklichkeit" (frightfulness) is shown in all its naked horror. Lochner gives us Hitler's thesis of destroying the enemy physically rather than merely reaching military objectives. He tells us that the execution of this principle revolted even Prussian generals and was finally entrusted in Poland and elsewhere to the S. S. troopers. We are shown at length the long-term underground preparations for total war. Thus all the unemployed were drafted eight years ago into quasi-military formations and put on to strategic road-building and later to the building of fortifications. This has been a boomerang because shortage of rubber and gas has rendered these roads useless and Hitler would have done better to concentrate on the railways, which we know are in a deplorable condition. The author quotes a most apt remark in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of March 8, 1942: "Several new stars have risen in the transportation firmament; but today the railway star shines all the brighter."

I like an instance Lochner gives of German wit—so rare in that unhappy land—"Wir siegen uns noch zu tode"—"we will conquer ourselves to death." Even in those unfortunate countries which were granted the doubtful blessing of incorporation into the Greater Reich, Hitler's gangsters acquired control of all big business. Occupied countries were swept bare by the simple method of issuing valueless fiat money and imposing it as legal tender. As a Wall Street man said to Mr. Lochner "the unscrambling of this omelette will be the largest economic and financial task after this war."

In military matters Mr. Lochner is less at home. He mentions such old stuff as the coördination of propaganda and the military effort; and gives railway yards as useful targets for bombing, as if proposing something new. But every now and again we meet some telling fact: I was struck by his

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Reporter-at-Large

*Two Views of Cecil Brown's "Suez to Singapore"**

1. BY MARK GAYN

TWO things "made" Cecil Brown. One was his great luck in being at the wrong place at the right time—aboard *H.M.S. Repulse* when she was sunk by Japanese aircraft. The other was his ability to detect, and report without fear, one of the great stories of our time—the crumbling of the British colonial empire. There is other material in the book. Brown deals with the war in Africa and Syria, and does it well. He devotes some chapters to the war in Java and Australia, and does it less ably. But the body of his book is the story of Singapore, and he tells it superbly.

To Brown, Singapore is not a city. With its men, politics, and atmosphere, it is (in the bitter words of an Oriental) "a nineteenth-century organization run by privileged mediocrities, trying to cope with a twentieth-century crisis." Singapore to Brown is also a symptom of the inherent rottenness and intolerance of the imperial system, and of its rapid disintegration under stress. Inept leadership, Brown repeatedly points out, is not the sole reason for the fall of Malaya and Singapore. There are other, more fundamental factors. One is the complete inability of the British imperial system to cope with *outside* perils. Another is the apathy, and even opposition, of the Asiatics to the British. Tragic bits illustrating this opposition are scattered through the book—the indignation of the Chinese denied arms to defend themselves; the bitterness of the Hindus left at Penang when all the whites had been evacuated; the existence of a powerful Malayan "fifth column," helping the Japanese.

"Suez to Singapore," thus, is a scorching indictment of the British imperial mind and system—an indictment that was left unheeded. When the time came to defend Burma, the British had shown no signs of having learned the lessons of Singapore. And, now, when India stands imperilled, there is no indication that the experience of Singapore and Burma has yet been taken to heart. Calcutta, New Delhi, and Bombay still dance; the British still face the foe, with apathetic or hostile natives behind them; and the intolerant and medieval mind of those in power still dictates the decisions which, in the final count, affect us all.

Nowhere is this intolerance and narrow-mindedness illustrated better than in the story of Brown's constant wrangling with the censors. Here is a typical instance of official thinking. On December 3, 1941, Brown submitted to the censors a cable reading: "Informed quarters asserted Japan now virtually certain to engage in military operations and direction will be southward." The cable went to Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, the British commander-in-chief. What emerged from his blue pencil was this: "Informed quarters asserted Japan *not* certain engaging in military operations." Five days later, Singapore was bombed.

The British command in Malaya was guilty of a series of bad blunders in judgment and action. Instead of correcting them before it was too late,

(*Please turn to next page*)

—*CBS Photo*

Cecil Brown

2. BY MURRAY HARRIS

AS a promoter of that unity which is so essential to the Allied cause, Cecil Brown ranks very low in the list among his confrères of the press and radio. We cannot but regret that he has abandoned first principles of reporting—the recording of facts—and has taken to think-pieces. He vacillates between naive approval and captious criticism of all and sundry, but generally the latter. He is contradictory. His adverse comment is often stultified by his own admissions, and frequently in the same breath; for instance he deplores in no measured terms the defence complex he met everywhere among the British, while going to great pains to show that "they were desperately short of man power and equipment," "the shortage of war materials is appalling"; no tin hats, let alone planes, were available—for pages, he expatiates on the scarcity of all arms.

Nowhere does he refer to the lessons of the last war. How it took three years to build our stocks for offence; how even then in Egypt, for instance, it needed a further nine month's gestation for Allenby to mature his plans for the great offensive which took us five hundred miles to the borders of Anatolia, and started the break-up of the Central Powers.

He is unstinting in his praise of certain individuals—Colonel Tod of the Cairo Censorship for instance, of whom a more skillful pen would have made another Colonel Bramble. I can heartily endorse his encomium, having sat in an office at Headquarters in Cairo with this selfsame officer for six months when he was in Intelligence. Elsewhere he is unsparing in his denunciation of censorship and this harsh criticism, sparsely interlarded though it be with favorable comment on individuals, provides an extremely important lesson: it is, that press censors should be chosen for their diplomacy and knowledge of the world, so that they can handle the refractory. There never has been a war correspondent who has not complained about censorship, though Cecil Brown evidently imagined he was the first to have a grievance. But they lose sight of the very principle of censorship, whether it be press, mail, or radio; it is to clamp down on everything, so that one harmful item should not slip through; the same principle applies to the concentration camp, where one may find hundreds of innocent enemy aliens interned, so that one or two dangerous elements may not slip through the net.

He also criticizes the economic control, mentioning instances of silk stockings, etc., being held up. It needs little thought to realize that, once the principle is established and the list of prohibited articles drawn up, individual exceptions cannot be made. I thought these frivolous examples given of the ineptitude of the Civil Government picayune and out of place.

The Chapter "Desert Is Hell" is a magnificent portrayal of conditions in Lybia. The Syrian campaign is no less skillfully drawn, and conjures up the familiar scene. But he gives a totally false impression of Cairo; he depicts

**SUEZ TO SINGAPORE. By Cecil Brown. New York: Random House. 1942. 553 pp. $3.50.*

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Gezira and the big hotels as crowded with officers enjoying life and forgetting the war; all those he saw were on leave perhaps after a year of those appalling conditions in the desert, which he so graphically describes; they are most thoroughly entitled to any distraction they can find. The reverse side of the medal is familiar to me—hardly a man at Headquarters working less than ten hours a day including Sunday in the heat of a Cairo summer.

But it is against the authorities in Singapore that he directs the full blast of his invective. At any rate he fell foul of the powers that be, was barred from the air, and went to Java. Apparently the Dutch too found him indiscreet and no sooner had he set foot in Australia, than he again had occasion for much criticism, which the Australians liked no more than the British did in Singapore, though he would have us believe that all Australia was eager for any adverse comment on the British conduct of the war.

GAYN . . .

(*Continued from preceding page*)

it sought to conceal them beneath misleading statements, other blunders, and drastic and inane censorship. The world was not to know of the command's ignorance and confusion. And when Brown and other correspondents tried to open the world's eyes, they were snubbed, insulted, and punished. And now that Brown tells the world about it, some people are calling him traitor!

Excursions of the official mind into civilian pastures were not alone to blame for the tragedy of Singapore. What, for instance, could be said of the admiral who took his two virtually unescorted capital ships inshore without any aerial protection—after he had been spotted by Japanese planes? The admiral was an experienced and brave sailor. But he was fighting a war of 1941 with tactics of 1914. What could be said of the RAF command in Singapore which responded to the admiral's final appeal for help with three outmoded fighters—an hour after the two warships had been sunk? Or what could be said in defense of a command which discovered only three weeks before the war that Bren gun carriers could cross the flooded rice fields, which it had always trustingly considered impassable? It was infinite and criminal stupidity, and Brown indicts it as such.

This indictment of "Singapore mentality" is not the first. Gallagher and Abend had preceded Brown in the field. But it is Brown's brilliant and inspired reporting which places his indictment above all others. Brown is a born reporter. He knows what constitutes news; he knows the value of "color"; and he writes with the economy and skilled choice of words of a great reporter.

There are shortcomings and some factual errors, to be sure, but they are not serious. They do not dim the luster of Brown's reporting; nor do they diminish the value of the book as an indictment. "Suez to Singapore" is timely, important, and, above all, exciting reading.

HARRIS . . .

(*Continued from page* 8)

observation that only one particular make of car was used on any given supply column: such standardization fits in so well with American practice and deserves to be widely adopted by the United Nations.

He is most unfortunate in insisting so much on the wonderful results achieved by the creation of a Unified Command in North Africa under Rommel. But such contretemps cannot but be the lot of all military commentators from time to time. He points out the dire results of this lack of unified command for the British in Crete, but he should know that there may have been recriminations between the services but no real misunderstanding existed, because the RAF had NO planes.

Mr. Lochner makes a passing reference in a few words to Dr. Hermann Muckermann as being on the Nazi black list and as having probably escaped to Holland. This is surprising in that Dr. Muckermann was one of the early propounders of the Nordic Theory. In his book "Volkstrum Staat und Nation Eugenisch Gescen" (The People, the State and the Nation from the Eugenic Point of View) Freudebeul and Kneuen, Essen 1932, he states that marriage between German and Jew is "inharmonious" and distorts the characteristics of the German Race. His invention of the word "Vernegerung" (Negrification) as applied to the French race was adopted by Hitler and it is generally supposed that Muckermann's principles guide Nazi policy in these matters.

The book is written in the practiced prose of a veteran journalist, and is highly readable. Mr. Lochner, however, would have done well to make two books of it, for the last third is devoted to an over-elaborated technical description of the work of a journalist in a country at war. This would have formed a valuable monograph in itself for pressmen and would have served also as a textbook deserving of careful study for the O. W. I. and propaganda services: but the lay public may find this part heavy reading.

KNAUTH . . .

(*Continued from page* 8)

and some leading Nazis; Mr. Grigg the military record of the Reich; Mr. Fleischer general living conditions and the life of the "little man"; Mr. Conger the German press and propaganda machine, and Mr. Stadler—who had covered France after the Nazis moved in—the occupied countries.

With such a background, such an author team, "This Is The Enemy" should have been a fine and valuable book, one to place on the shelves beside William L. Shirer's "Berlin Diary" and Wallace R. Deuel's "People Under Hitler." That it did not turn out thus appears due to no lack of conscientious effort on the part of the UP's Berlin staff. They have gathered together voluminous material on the Third Reich, its leaders, its military campaigns, its "little people," its press and propaganda machine, its unhappy subjects in the conquered territories. But for all that, there is something lacking in this book which makes it disappointing to this reviewer.

Mr. Oechsner and his staff were up against some formidable obstacles. They did most of their work under the terrible mental strain of imprisonment. Deprived as they were of all the notes and data painstakingly collected over a period of years, they were forced to write from memory alone.

It is unfortunately likewise true that the subject of Nazi Germany was very nearly exhausted by other writer-colleagues while these men were still prisoners in Bad Nauheim. Today it is virtually impossible to set down an overall account of the Third Reich without repeating what has been said—no better or no worse, perhaps—many times before. Mr. Oechsner and his staff realized this, but they believed that, by pooling their knowledge, they could achieve a fresh touch.

This is not to say that there is nothing new or interesting in the book. Mr. Oechsner has dug deep into his memory and into the wealth of facts, stories, and rumors about Hitler which only Germans know to fill out the picture of the man. The reports of Germany's military campaigns up to Pearl Harbor are comprehensive. There are some fine touches of color in little anecdotes about trips to the front, chance experiences in the occupied nations. Perhaps the best section of all is the one describing the "conditioning" of Willi Schultz, the "little man" in Germany. If anyone wants to know how it happens that Hitler can still remain in power over a nation which is tired of war and sick of Nazi excesses, he should read this to find out.

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Personal History of Three Decades

THE MAKING OF A REPORTER. By Will Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 454 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN this volume Will Irwin has told the story of his life from his arrival as a freshman at Leland Stanford University to the conclusion of his trip around South America in 1928 with President-elect and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. It goes without saying that it is delightfully written. Indeed it is Will Irwin at his best, and that means a very great deal. It is modest, unassuming, full of humor, and contains that sane judgment of men, women, and affairs which made him for so long one of the most valued and distinguished of our popular journalists. True, he sets forth his "beats" and press achievements with full appreciation of them, but so good a reporter is certainly entitled to do that, and he never boasts or brags. What he has written here is a lasting contribution to the history of American journalism during the three decades from 1900 to 1930—a newspaper period quite unlike the present stereotyped journalistic age. But it is more than that; it is a record of the views of an extremely intelligent and understanding reporter of the events leading up to the present catastrophic condition of the world, and a graphic picture of what he saw and heard.

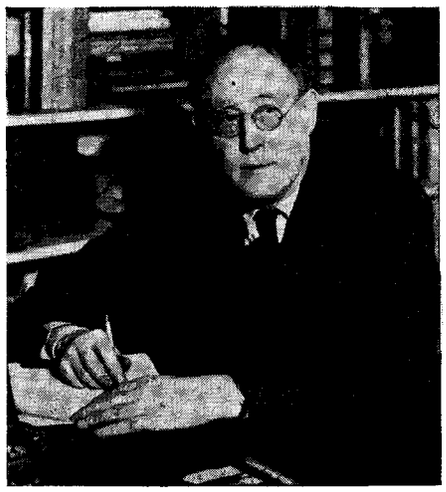
Although he holds a Stanford A.B. as of 1899, Will Irwin tells with relish of his harum-scarum undergraduate life, winding up with his temporary withdrawal from the university in his senior year on the advice of the faculty for conduct which would hardly create a ripple today. This was hardly the right atmosphere for Will Irwin with his zest for all humans, his playing at life "like a little boy keeping store with pins for money." But he supported himself, played football, wrote, spouted and debated, made political speeches for the most modest of stipends—and had a rip-roaring good time generally as any normal and healthy undergraduate should. It was a ribald song which was his downfall.

Leaving Palo Alto, Irwin speedily found his choice of a profession limited to the stage and journalism. The stage would have none of him and so the decision was arrived at and soon he shone in the San Francisco of the Bohemians, of Ambrose Bierce, Hermann Scheffauer, of the young J. O'Hara Cosgrave, of Frank Norris, Will McGeehan, Charlie Dryden, and many another who paused at the Golden Gate enroute to New York. He reached New York in time to help cover the *General Slocum* disaster for the *Sun*. No one has yet given a better picture of this extraordinary newspaper office and its chief executives, the most brilliant group of newsgathering and writing editors and reporters ever gathered together under one roof.

And if anybody wants to know what a reporter of this period could do when called upon, let him read Will Irwin's thrilling account of what took place in the *Sun* office when the news came of the San Francisco earthquake. On the first day when he was quivering with anxiety as to the fate of his family and best friends, he wrote fourteen columns of "copy." For the next seven days he turned in not less than eight columns daily. At noon on the third day he was asked to write a description of San Francisco. On the fourth day as he was grinding away he was given a dispatch which read that "the War Department announces peninsula including city of San Francisco has sunk out of sight under Pacific Ocean." Will Irwin says: "I can remember only two things about the next five minutes. One is the peculiar behavior of my legs. The big muscles at the front of the thighs were jumping like frogs. The other is of someone handing me a glass of whiskey." But soon someone mercifully gave him a dispatch which read: "War Department report a canard. Kill."

From the *Sun* Will Irwin graduated to be managing editor and then editor of *McClure's Magazine* at the height of its great popularity and influence. It remains, he says, an unhappy period in his life, but he contributed enormously to the extremely valuable muck-raking and reporting of that publication. From there on he became one of the well-known "Collier's group" of writers, and the rest of his career hardly needs description. For eight years he ranged the country as a magazine reporter and then on August 6, 1914, sailed to do his share in reporting the first World War.

Here again Will Irwin has made a contribution of great importance. His pen pictures of what he saw at the Peace Conference, of the weaknesses of Wilson which led to his downfall at Paris, are all historical testimony of permanent value. He thinks that "the flaw which probably cost Wilson most in the end was his tendency to take opposition as a personal affront. . . . As his powers dwindled through overstrain, this tendency came to the fore." Strange that both of our war-making Democratic Presidents should have had this trait in common! Naturally, in view of the fact that they were close friends at Stanford and ever since, Will Irwin has a great deal to say about Herbert Hoover. It is more restrained than one might expect, but his loyalty and devotion are constantly in evidence. He admits that he was worried by Hoover's attitude on the "noble experiment," but he vouches for the fact that Hoover obeyed the law and was consistent, not himself taking liquor while in the White House. He naturally attributes the briefness of Hoover's career in the White House to the fact that "he found himself a pilot in a storm which neither he nor any other President of the United States could have ridden and remained President,"—a statement open, however, to question. Irwin admits that he never once thought of Hoover as a Presidential possibility until the Mississippi flood of 1927. It is characteristic of him that when he decided to work for Hoover's nomination he told the President-to-be that he would do so on one condition. "What is that?" asked Hover. "That you never offer me a political job."



Will Irwin

All in all, this is a book crammed with the best kind of reporting, with worthwhile anecdotes and deeply moving descriptions of war scenes and famous happenings. There are occasional slips, such as that it was the Kapp and not the Kopp revolution in Germany, and it was not Edith Wharton, but Maude Wilder Goodwin who originated the well-known saying that the *Sun* made vice attractive in the morning and the *Evening Post* virtue odious at night. But these are only slight blemishes, and I for one could not put down the book without hoping that he will soon give us another, bringing the story of his life down to date and sharing with us the mellowness of his opinions on the world of today which bears scarcely any resemblance whatever to that which existed when he began to make himself one of the best reporters in our journalistic history.

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WRITERS AND THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

SOME writers seem to be possessed of an idea that the best way to stir people to the proper fighting spirit is to implant in them the fear of annihilation. The desire to live is the strongest desire in man. Fight for your lives!

The fact is, however, that most writers do not understand the fighting spirit, because, in the first place, they have not got it. They panic easily. Their counsel, as presented above, seems to me the result of panic. Fighters don't fight that way.

To a large extent this war will be won from the air. The fighter pilot and the bombardier are as important fighting men in this war as any. True, they do not meet the foe with the bayonet, they do not have to endure the filth and mélee of ground fighting. But if nine out of ten writers saw a flight of Messerschmidts coming for them out of a cloud, and found themselves sitting aloft in a confined cockpit, perhaps they would rather be down on the ground with the chance of a tree or rock to hide behind. I have just been reading Jimmy Reynolds's account of Wing Commander Paddy Finucane of the R. A. F., who was as "fightin' " an Irishman as they come. He was also a boy with a lift to his heart, and full of poetry. He led an Australian Squadron, and his tally was thirty-two "certains," not to mention the many "probables" he may have accounted for. How did he fight? He said, "I shoot to hit the machine, not the lad in it; at least I hold him no grudge, but I have to let him have it. See him first before he sees you, hit him when you fire—you might not have a second chance." Reynolds says, he "remained coolly impersonal about the whole business of fighting," through all the strain and exhaustion.

The professional soldier, the bulwark of green troops, is doing a job. He is seasoned and hardened to a murderous job. He gets angry; but only because of some poignant personal loss, does he ever really hate. He certainly does not make a principle of hating. Off duty he may well be an amiable and obliging fellow. Who are soldiers, after all? Average men. Average men haven't much imagination. They are called upon in crisis to do many things actually repugnant to them; but they are not over-sensitive. They rise to the occasion the best they know how; but they try not to nurse and cherish emotions that make them feel uncomfortable.

We writers, on the other hand, are "of imagination all compact," and many of us are hypersensitive. We go off the deep end about heroism and hate, and about either cultivating high ideals or, on the other hand, taking a tumbler of blood neat in the morning instead of our orange juice. Meanwhile the fighting men go through their courses of sprouts in the Army and the Navy and Marine corps, and are taught by tough and hard drill-sergeants just how to *"get* that blank-blank-blank!" War is killing men, and it has to be done. But writers don't have to talk so darn much about what the mental attitude of those doing the fighting, and those supporting the fighters, should be.

On the contrary, it seems to this writer that writers should, as never before, be trying to the utmost to exercise their best intelligence, and keep brave, humane, noble ideas burning. If *they* don't, who will? They should also, of course, hang on to their sense of humor. One of the immortal drawings of the last War, that appeared in *Punch*, showed a German family, after breakfast, indulging in their morning "hate"! Ernst Lissauer had recently published his "Hymn of Hate" against England. In fact, that sort of highly synthetic hate seems to have originated in Germany.

Most men, as a matter of fact, have a good deal of courage. Our enemies have plenty of courage. We hate their ideas, and you can hate an idea to good purpose. We shall continue to hate their ideas. We shall continue to combat their ideas in print as well as by guns and bombs. But when we reach the point of advising our people that the only way they can hope to survive is to turn back into savage animals, then be very sure that we have reached a state of mind akin to panic! If that were the only way we could survive, to many of us that form of survival would be worse than none at all. In every fact, there are actually things worse than death. That form of survival is one of them! Death, for ourselves, has indeed become far too important. It is well that we are not so indifferent to death as the Japanese, an indifference which has in the past resulted in their going in for pretty indiscriminate slaughter. But it would not be well with us, at all, if we thought that the mere fact of being alive conferred upon us any especial merit. It most certainly does not.

Yes, the Nazis are tough and the Japs are tough, and they hate. How much their troops actually find they can indulge in hate on the fighting front is, of course, a doubtful quantity. But both the Americans and the English have lately been beginning to win certain victories too, and yet they are not supposed to hate in the same way! The Russians hate what the Nazis have done to their civilians, and they have fought ferociously against a ferocious foe. But if literary men conceive it as their duty to open Pandora's box upon the world—Herr Hitler having already pretty fully emptied it!—it seems to this writer that they are extremely misguided. That is not their job at all. We can leave to our own fighting men the job of killing, till the Killers cry "Uncle." We writers have our own job to do; and, fundamentally, that consists merely in doing the best writing that is in us, in this cataclysmic time. The men fighting for civilization certainly wish civilization to *be* there when they get back!

W. R. B.

BLUE SILK DRESS

By Margaret Widdemer

IN my room at home
When I was six years old
I asked what would come--
So she came and told.

I sat on the floor
By the nursery press--
Myself in the door
In a blue silk ruffled dress.

I sat there small,
Red-smocked and unsteady--
I saw myself, the tall
And the high-heeled lady.

Years crouched at her back
That had not come yet,
What I should lack,
What I should get.

I asked word by word,
And she told what would be:
I wish I had not heard
What myself told me.

I thought I forgot,
With the dolls and the cat
And the copies to blot
And the scolding where I sat . . .

But what will come to pass
I do not have to guess . . .
She is staring from the glass
In her blue silk ruffled dress.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Professor and Pegler

SIR:—The arrogant tone of patronizing condescension on the part of reader E. N. Emmett of Berkeley [*SRL*, Oct. 24], regarding Professor Edman's review of Westbrook Pegler's collection of pieces, moves me to write my first letter to an editor.

That such an interpretation of Dr. Edman's review could emanate from a person residing in our university city, leads me to conclude that he can but represent a type of individual not uncommon in Berkeley—a type living in what is and should be a great cultural center and seat of learning, exposed to its ideas and compelling forces, and yet, blindly and stubbornly resists any of its influences. There is an apt appellation for this type. They are called the "Berkeley Babbitts."

Let reader Emmett peruse Dr. Edman's review once more. Does he not upon objectively scanning the piece, find himself leaning toward the "permanent adolescent?"—or can it be that he is one of the "Philistines of Fifty" referred to in the piece.

I am amazed that a person of discriminating literary taste, (he evidently reads *SRL*) can seriously make the statement—that he (Pegler) "is the nation's most influential and courageous journalist and one of its sharpest wits." Journalist, yes. What kind is certainly debatable. "Influential and courageous" are questionable descriptives. As for "sharpest wits," I must in this instant allow for taste in the matter of what it requires to tickle your sense of humor.

For the record let me say I consider Professor Edman's critique superb. I was particularly delighted to have read it as we have been friends (through his books) these many years . . . but shades of Sinclair Lewis! Along comes a "Berkeley Babbitt," defending the greatest "Babbitt" of them all.

JEFFERY COHELAN.
Berkeley, Calif.

The German Chronology

SIR:—Congratulations on the broad interest and quality of the *SRL*, especially in recent issues. Particularly good was Mr. Brown's article on "G. B. S." I say article rather than review, for though he does not neglect the book he happily allows himself a wider scope than one book. In confidence, I regret but must agree with his remarks on the ego of my friend Archie Henderson. It was always my feeling that Shaw was "spoofing" Archie; it would be somehow in character.

Also, I was much interested in an article recently (I have, alas, loaned this *"Review"*) on the conduct of the Germans in Poland; and that, indeed, inspires this letter. For I have felt that anyone who knows certain facts of history should be prepared for the banditry of the Germans. In briefest statement, these are:

(1) 1864. Prussia intrigues the Empire into allowing her to grab Schleswig-Holstein.

(2) Prussia ousts Austria from control of the Empire, 1866.

(3) 1870. Prussia incites France to war by a trick as base (Ems telegram) as any we have seen, and takes Alsace-Lorraine.

(4) 1914. Germany, with huge colonies (not really useful to her) and a merchant marine grown from nothing to second place, shouts lustily for "a place in the sun," and again brutally assaults neighbors whom she is pledged to respect.

(5) 1938—The same Germans, with just a new name.

PIERCE BUTLER.
Natchez, Miss.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Fallon. An employee of Super-Super Comics, Inc., shouldn't know the meaning of the word 'fatigue'."

"War for Civilization"

SIR:—Among the various names for this war rejected by Mr. Stokeley in the *SRL* of October 31st, I agree with him that there is not one that touches the heart of the matter; and quite as regretfully I reject his own choice of "The World Order War." "Order" has many meanings, and among them one which smacks of dictatorship. I always think of this present fearful struggle as a "War for Civilization," and I have looked eagerly for this suggestion, but in vain. World civilization has never been accomplished. Perhaps in the dim long-ago man climbed these heights before, but never quite attained his goal; and perhaps, following false gods, he was hurled back into the depths of primeval barbarism. Is this to happen again? In truth we are enforced by inhuman brutality to wage this world-wide WAR FOR CIVILIZATION.

EMILY K. HERRON.
Winter Park, Florida.

Information, Please

SIR:—A good many years ago an old sailor, an A.B. in the merchant service, told me that the pack of cards he had in his pocket was not only a source of pleasure in card games, but served as his Bible as well. He then proceeded to go through the deck showing how each card represented someone or something, all the way from the Lord down to the animals that went into the ark, two by two. I cannot even begin to reconstruct his explanation and wonder if you could help.

WARREN R. LANGSTON
Lieut., U.S.N.R.
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Soften the Lit. I. Q.

SIR:—Hurray for Mr. Dodge in *SRL*, Oct. 10. I've always thought (or maybe hoped) that I was a little better-than-average on general literary knowledge. But, oh how my ego has been dashed by my below-par-Literary I. Q.! I second the motion for a more down-to-earth policy. And while I'm writing, I might as well add that I sincerely hope the newly discovered Sherlock Holmes yarn will be made available to all of us who love the rooms in Baker Street.

LOUISE GIBB.
Buffalo, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE colossal nuisances of the publishing industry is the annual taking of inventory. Books are scattered among a dozen warehouses, binderies, branch depositories, and the various departments of the publisher's office itself. Each title, of course, must be tabulated separately. During the course of the year, hundreds of odd copies are given away to visitors—or filched—without review slips being made out. If the individual totals come out within a hundred copies each of the indicated records, everybody is reasonably satisfied. Personally, we take it on the lam at inventory time; can't be bothered!

All this is a preamble to a tale we've just heard about the final day of inventory-taking at a downtown publisher's plant. The pair who were tabulating the figures waited until Saturday to count the books in the president's private office. The president himself was out counting strokes in every bunker on the Creek Club course. On Monday morning he bustled in bright and early (ten-thirty) and was mildly astonished to find the inventory records scattered on the floor of his inner sanctum. All of the figures were in apple-pie order except the notations on the last page. This was headed "president's office." The first notation read "one set Encyclopaedia Britannica; one Roget's Thesaurus; one Fannie Hill; one unopened bottle of Scotch." A wavering cross had been drawn through these lines and a second notation added that listed the same books, but concluded with the item, "one-*half* bottle of Scotch." This, too, had been scratched out, however, with a series of blotches and hieroglyphics, and one last line recorded in barely legible penmanship. It read, "one revolving encyclopaedia" . . .

BEING IN A strictly anecdotal mood this evening, we shall pass next to the latest budget of wisecracks from Washington wags. Things have become so confused down there, they would have us believe, that not even the Nazi spies know what's going on any more. A bewildered Western Union messenger entered the portals of the vast new War Department Building one Friday afternoon; when he finally found the way out on Monday morning he was a lieutenant-colonel. Two majors labored in the same office in this labyrinth. One, however, left promptly every afternoon at four, the other toiled and sweated daily until ten and later. The hard-working major finally could stand it no longer, and accosted the other in the hallway. "Here we are," he said, "in the same office, and with the same rank. Will you tell me how in heck you finish your work every day a full six hours before I do?" "It's very simple when you know how," was the pleasant reply. "I figured that in a department this size there was bound to be some poor fish named Major Smith. So whenever a particularly knotty problem is put on my desk, I just write 'refer to Major Smith' across the top, and pass it on." "I begin to comprehend," said the first one coldly. "I happen to be the poor fish named Major Smith."

Finally, there's the tale of the government employee, newly assigned to Washington, who couldn't find lodgings for love or money. One afternoon, while crossing the Potomac Bridge, he heard a drowning man's frenzied cry for help. Peeling off his jacket, he plunged into the river, threw his arm around the unfortunate victim, and cried "Quick, man! Tell me where you live!" "3518 Q Street," gasped the man. Promptly pushing his head under the water, our hero struck out for the shore, and rushed to the given address. "I happen to know that the fellow who lived here won't be back," he told the landlady. "I want to rent his apartment." "You're a minute too late, Brother," said a voice behind the landlady. "I'm the guy who pushed him in!" . . .

A LITERARY HIGHLIGHT of the coming week is Chris Morley's new novel, "Thorofare," his first since "Kitty Foyle." It is the story of the Americanization of an English boy; its title is the name of the little winding street that runs through the town in which he was born. "Tell folks," says Chris, "that it was written slowly, and should be read the same way." . . . Another imminent novel is "It Happened Like This," by the A. S. M. Hutchinson who authored that prodigious best-seller of yesteryear, "If Winter Comes." . . .

THE USUAL FLOOD of anthologies is upon us again—and what unwieldy, cumbersome volumes a lot of them are this Fall! As Adam Burger, of Harper's, said in one of his more consoling moments, however, you can always use them as doorstops! Brightest of the lot, it seems to us, are Whit Burnett's painstaking and somewhat different collection, "This Is My Best," and Frank Adams's anthology of light verse, "Innocent Merriment." "American Harvest" is a handsome volume, but its editors have different notions from ours as to who the greatest living writers in this country happen to be. "The Yale Review Anthology" is a compilation by Wilbur Cross and

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PORTABLE EQUIPMENT

Many characters in fiction are closely associated with out-of-the-ordinary objects which they carried about at all times. From these brief descriptions of such objects, can you recognize the characters? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. Not overly bright, this tramp laborer was fond of carrying dead mice in his pocket.

2. Having convinced his subjects that he could be killed only by a silver bullet, this Negro emperor had one cast and carried it in his pistol.

3. This night school student always elaborately printed his name with red, blue, and green crayons.

4. Throughout a long and varied lifetime, the one object with him to the end was a jeweled statue of the madonna, slightly cracked.

5. In melancholy moods he would get out an x-ray of his girl friend's thorax and look at it.

6. Believe it or not, this Chinese card sharp carried 24 packs of playing cards up his sleeves!

7. After an expedition into Kafiristan, he returned to civilization carrying the mummified head of his red-haired companion.

8. Though strictly WCTU, this member of a trio of elderly spinsters was always equipped with a bottle of blackberry cordial for use in emergencies.

9. This elderly sleuth was always fumbling with a piece of knotted string.

10. At a seance, the ghost of Leeuwenhoek told this young man how to manufacture a microscope with a lens made of a 140-carat diamond.

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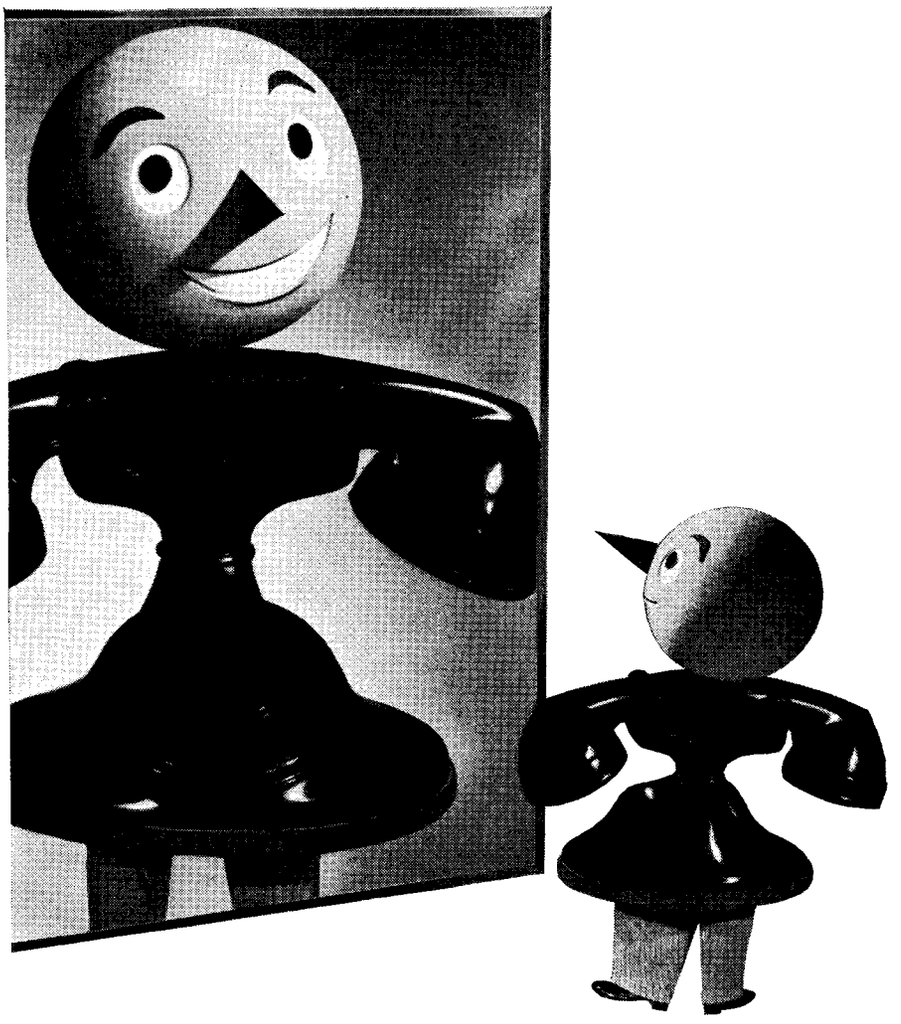
Helen MacAfee. "Fiesta in November" is a sampler of the work of eighteen South American writers, popular in their homeland, but hitherto unsung in the United States. "Men at War" is a rewarding volume with a fine foreword by Ernest Hemingway. We have already sung the praises of Martha Foley's "Best Short Stories of 1942" and "A British Treasury of Humor." And finally, of course, there is Louis Untermeyer's excellent "Treasury of Great Poems," being boomed by Simon and Schuster as though there wasn't already a tableful of similar, if slightly less comprehensive, volumes in every sizeable bookstore in the country. "Those boys," said an envious and baffled competitor, "could take a 1939 telephone directory, rename it 'A Treasury of Famous New York Names,' and sell fifty thousand copies at four dollars a throw!" . . . H. G. Wells, whose recent books have made more than one critic suggest that he dust off an old copy of "Tono Bungay" and rest on his laurels, clambered back into the headlines by calling Bernard Shaw an "intellectual eunuch." The alert Kennett Love, of Princeton, pointed out that Mr. Wells had lifted the phrase straight out of Byron's dedication of "Don Juan." . . .

CURTICE HITCHCOCK, of Reynal and Hitchcock, has flown to England on a precedent-shattering trip, sponsored by the O.W.I. and the Publishers' Bureau. The publishers are underwriting the full expenses of the trip, and if Curtice comes home with a best-seller or two for his own firm, not a soul will begrudge him his good fortune. His trip is an official gesture of good will to the British publishing fraternity. He is expected to bring back a comprehensive picture of war-time book publishing in Britain, and the drastic changes in procedure that strict government regulations have necessitated. Incidentally, he will present the American point of view on the troublesome question of Australian and South African rights. Understandable differences of opinion have arisen over the allocation of these rights, and they have been aggravated by the difficulty of finding cargo space for books. Both British and American publishers have adopted high and mighty attitudes on this problem, and the fact that Australia today can use up to twenty-five thousand copies of a popular title has brought the issue into sharp focus. A frank exchange of opinions now can save a deal of friction in months to come, and America could not have chosen an abler or more eminently reasonable spokesman than Curtice Hitchcock. Our own opinion is that Australian publishers should have the privilege of negotiat-



"If I were twice as big"

"Then I could give the public all the service it wants and take care of the war on top of that.

"But I can't get bigger now because materials are needed for shooting. So I'm asking your help to make the most of what we have.

"Please don't make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity unless they are vital. Leave the wires clear for war traffic."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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ing with English publishers for books by English authors first published in London, and with American publishers for books by American authors first published in the United States. If that theory offends any hidebound imperialists, we are sorry. . . .

SOME OF THE less brilliant early season stage and screen offerings have put our critics into a testy humor. Richard Lockridge, of the *Sun,* and, with his wife, incidentally, creator of the very excellent "Mr. and Mrs. North" mysteries, began one of his reviews: "A strikingly peculiar musical called 'The Time, The Place, and The Girl' arrived here last night after an insufficient number of postponements." David Lardner opined that the picture version of " 'Panama Hattie' needs a certain something," and added a pensive "Possibly burial!" George Kaufman is the author of the most crushing critical comment of the year. "What did you think of so-and-so that opened last night?" someone asked him. "I thought it was frightful," said Mr. Kaufman, "but you must remember that I saw it under particularly unfortunate circumstances. The curtain was up!" . . .

WILLIAM WHITE'S "They Were Expendable" is the kind of book that everybody is anxious to boost. A number of publishers, in fact, have been running trailers on it in their various advertisements. This unusual display of friendly coöperation led an executive of White's own house, Harcourt, Brace, to remark the other morning, "This business has certainly come to a strange pass when one of my authors can come to me and demand 'Hey, why aren't Appleton-Century advertising my book this week?' " . . .

BENNETT CERF.

Innocents Abroad

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY. By Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

BLITHE spirits were Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough when in the early 1920s, not quite twenty themselves, they set off on a trip to Europe without incumbrance of elders. Their hearts were young and gay, and Europe, just emerging from the nightmare of war and believing that peace and happiness were around the corner, lay athwart their vision a delectable and alluring land. They were "innocent" with an ignorance which the nineteen-twenties dispelled in young women forever; they were romantic, they were eager, and they were engaging, and they gathered in experiences as the sun sucks in the dew. There never was a more salubrious book for grim days than this; it is like a whiff of pungent mountain air through fog and storm.

Merriment bubbles through the narrative from the instant that the girls arrived at Montreal, whence they were to sail, until they cast their last glance at the Eiffel Tower. Under the gay humor and delicious sense of the ridiculous of the authors, every slightest incident becomes of moment,—the start to sea, the grounding of the *Montcalm,* the return to and enforced stay in Montreal, the second departure, the trip abroad. Happy days and hilarious memories—life on shipboard with its grand finale when with the assistance of two now very eminent and then very young Boston physicians Cornelia Skinner held back a severe attack of measles long enough to elude the ship's doctor and the health authorities at Southampton, of daily bouts with the mysteries of "geesers" and boarding house keepers and money in London, of dining with and nonplussing Miss Skinner's parents (who tactfully stayed at a different hotel and no less tactfully issued invitations to dinner), of Dieppe and French travel, of the comfortable night in Rouen, when, all unconscious of its character, they slept soundly in a brothel, of encounters with bedbugs and beguiling and deadly concoctions in Paris, of dancing and teaing and sightseeing there with charming American youths and taking lessons with actors of the Comédie Française. The book is compact of little nothings, made electric by the irresistible delight of youth in life and adventure. We defy anyone to read it without laughter or recall it without a smile.

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The Lost Realm

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM. By Eudora Welty. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 185 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

PERHAPS you will remember the days when you sat quite alone somewhere in a chair too large for you, reading the Blue Fairy Book, or the Yellow, or the Red. You have been reading since in a thousand better, wiser, realer books, yet you may have glanced back with some longing at that first perfect literary experience, a total immersion in simplicity as in water, echoless, questionless, and free of afterthought. This is surely a child's world; adults admitted by special dispensation only. Perhaps you might try reading Eudora Welty's fairy tale, to see whether you can still enter. Miss Welty knows the lost realm as thoroughly as though she had never left it, as well as Lewis Carroll or Andrew Lang knew it. She deals as easily as they with wonder and legend, with the evil witch and the simple maiden, with lockets that speak, and severed heads.

But unlike them she is writing not for children but for the rest of us, who trail our aura of adult memory. She is using not their legends but ours, and some of our knowledge too. Thus we are somewhere in the dark Mississippi woods, meeting American Indians, and legendary woodsmen like Paul Bunyan and Mike Fink, as well as her own redoubtable Jamie Lockhart. There is the golden-haired Rosamund who moves in loveliness among malign spells, and the incredible Goat and Big and Little Harp. And something new has been added: sex, a thing as simple and calm and unblushing here as it would be if people in children's tales knew anything about it. The whole thing is a miracle of imagination, done with a prose forged especially, it seems, for this, in simple, singing sentences like struck notes of music. Perhaps you will not like it, since it really means nothing, tells nothing, is only an experience. Miss Welty will probably not do it again, having done it once. She seems a writer dedicated to experiment and imagination, with her subject matter unpredictable and fine writing her only constant.

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Sanctity in Ohio

COME BACK TO WAYNE COUNTY. By Jake Falstaff. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 245 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

"JAKE FALSTAFF"—Herman Fetzer—wrote a little like Mark Twain and a little like Walt Whitman; that is about as close as you can come to him without saying that he wrote like Jake Falstaff. His affection for God's creation, including people, back in the Ohio farmlands, is so profound and perceptive, that any suggestion of sentimentality or any other phoneyness is completely out of the question. He saw the high points and places of human behavior and interpreted them kindly—if he had written the biography of Hitler he would have said that he used only the best paint and was kind to his grandmother.

The thing that is emphasized in these sketches of an adolescent boy in Ohio is the sanctity of human acquaintanceships. Lemuel is shy because where he gives his hand, he gives his heart, and he does not acquire his jewels without appraisal. When he gives his affection to some harsh old farmer, or an old bootlegging bum, or a horse or dog, or the hired girl, he concentrates on their twenty-four karat aspects and ignores the dross.

The humor and drama of the stories —they are strung along as a little saga of Lemuel and have a casual continuity—are completely unforced and without any distinguishable artifice. The people behave that way because they behave that way, and they are touching, or funny, or exciting because that is the way God "flang" them.

There is the farmer who is "bucked" by a bull. His dying instructions are as simple and splendid as anything since Boris Godunov. There is the young swain who goes on a tentative courting. The farm father begins to chaff as if the boy were already engaged to the girl, till the embarrassed girl cries and runs out of the room. The father confesses his awkwardness to the boy as if he were another man. By and by the girl comes back and is reconciled to her father. The boy sits silent. But riding home, in a quiet spot of the road, "he threw his cap in the air and yelled as loud as he could." "She's *for* you," as Josef Marais would say.

And Ispshan is far. Grandpa's brother had been there once. There is a little weaving of farm problems, dogs and cows, and a splendid rainy day under the roof of a hayloft, with Malory and a cockle-burred dog, and Grandma said that Ispahan was far. So why go there? The other farm author made it Carcassonne. Home is a good place to be.

It is impossible to describe the richness and warmth of Jake Falstaff's writing without writing it, and that cannot be done now that Jake Falstaff is dead. We used to see him around the Sunday *World*, before torpedoes hit the place, spelling F.P.A. on his summer vacation. He looked like an older and wiser Orson Welles, though he could have been little over thirty. He was diffident—Lemuel explains the reason—and we were understaffed and busy, so none of us got to know him. He wrote one great column, among others, about his tremblings in "la civita terrible."

He died at thirty-five. Chatterton died at eighteen and Marlowe at twenty-nine. Some folks get their chores done early.

Realization

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"José Villa seems to me by all odds the most original and genuine poet to have appeared in this country in almost a generation. One is tempted to compare him to Blake, save that his note is so completely his own. The combination of intellectual fire and cool finished craft is a constant delight. The whole body of these lyrics constitutes in several senses a revelation. It discloses a spirit and a world. It reveals too an intense and inventive imagery that reminds one of something: poetic genius. But the genius is Villa's very own. It is only the union of passion and of mind in it that remind one that it is a new chapter in a great tradition."

THE VIKING PRESS **$2.00**

Have Come, Am Here

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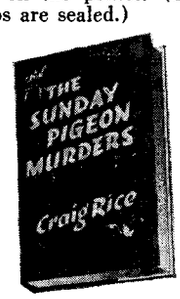
Early this year CRAIG RICE spent six hectic days in New York. She accumulated more interesting information about this town than we had learned in a lifetime of living in it. She joined the chess club that hangs out on the benches bordering Central Park South. She invited a street photographer home to dinner, took his picture and sold it to him. She patronized a newsstand dealer with a brisk little sideline of booking ten cent bets on the ponies. (Sorry, Mr. Mayor, our lips are sealed.)



All this and more have gone into her new mystery, *The Sunday Pigeon Murders*. It is the story of Bingo Riggs and Handsome Kusak, partners in The International Foto, Motion Picture and Television Corporation of America, with assets of $7.49 and liabilities of three weeks back rent. Handsome was a simple soul, asking for nothing better than to go on taking pictures of tourists in Central Park, and hoping eventually to get his other camera out of hock. But Bingo was a man of vision, and the scheme he dreamed up involved them in a kidnapping, a slight case of blackmail, and —much to Bingo's bewilderment—four murders. Other unexpected complications include a persistently violent racketeer, a sentimental interior decorator, an ex-knife thrower, and a pigeon fancier.

There's the flavor of DAMON RUNYON'S Manhattan in *The Sunday Pigeon Murders*, a hint of ROBERT NATHAN'S twilit town. Above all, there's the zest and gayety which are unmistakable CRAIG RICE commodities, that quality about which LOUIS UNTERMEYER wrote: "Something new has been added to the old formulas—a combination and an idiom as unique as it is engrossing. I cannot imagine myself skipping a line by CRAIG RICE."

Perish the thought! Get your copy today.

THE SUNDAY PIGEON MURDERS

By Craig Rice

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00

PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

AMERICA'S DUTY TO FRENCH CULTURE

(*Continued from page* 6)

or French musicians would not have been foreign work in America—or, if foreign, not unfamiliar to the direction and the movement of the times. Had the artists and the writers of the France of 1790 suffered the exile of the writers and artists of the France of 1940, they would have been able, one believes, to practise their arts in the young Republic. Philadelphia would not perhaps have been Paris. But the audience would have existed. The vocabulary would have been understood. The work would have been possible.

The work, I believe, is possible again today. The struggle to which the American people have committed themselves and which they will surely win is the continuation of the struggle in which the people of France, after much suffering, went down. It is the active and open aspect of the secret and hidden struggle which the people of France, in spite of the most brutal cruelty and the most terrible dangers, still maintain and will continue to maintain. The French artist, therefore, who exiled himself from France to continue here his warfare, both as man and artist, for a free man's world, will find in the Americas a surging, mounting current of determination and belief to which he can, without reluctance or reserve, commit himself. He will find here a purpose and a will which are in truth and in fact the purpose and the will of his own nation, of the people to which he belongs. He will breathe an air he knows and can remember. And he will do his work. He will do his work as man, as Frenchman, and as artist.

No other country but France can ever be the home of Frenchmen. But even to Frenchmen, America is not a foreign country. America has been, for many generations of her history, the fatherland of all in every country who place freedom first. The artists and the poets of France who share that loyalty will share our country and our country's opportunity for free men's work.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE EMPEROR'S SNUFFBOX *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	Death of antiquarian peer in French resort town laid at door of young English girl. Perceptive psychologist extracts her from jam.	A bang-up puzzle, good writing, interesting characters, sly humor, and soupçon of "zizi-pompom." Maestro Carr at his very best.	Required reading
MURDER MAKES A RACKET *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	N. Y. prosecuting attorney shot to death in study. Police officer's son suspected—but Desmond Shannon knows better.	Good yarn about smashing of particularly despicable racket. Some hair-raising excursions through Manhattan subworld and high-tension finish.	Explosive
DEATH RIDES TANDEM *Walbridge McCully* (Crime Club: $2.)	Envenoming of Scarsdale doctor in household full of hatreds unraveled by police and helpful girl amanuensis.	Feverish activities of folks on borderline of madness—one does slip over—harrowingly and excitingly described. Sleuthing is adequate.	Average
THE GIFT HORSE *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Fletcher and Cragg, who sell books and spot killers, get in merry and murderous Manhattan mixup over extinct race-horse owner.	Agile-witted and herculean pair get into and out of amazing sequence of tough spots and unravel two rather incidental murders.	Fantastic—and funny
BELLS FOR THE DEAD *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Castle on Guatemalan lake scene of family fracases and violent death; satisfactorily cleared up by admirable matriarch.	Trials of young bride, puzzled by husband's odd actions, assay well emotionally, and amateur detecting is shrewd enough.	Fair
THE SUNDAY PIGEON MURDERS *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Central Park kidnapping of wealthy innocent starts picture-taking pair on career that involves four murders and copious action.	Grand combination of whimsy and wickedness, introducing Bingo and Handsome, two admirable additions to top-notch sleuthing circles.	Very good

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Bond of Reunion

CARL CARMER

This story was told me by my wife, one of the six young people who made the vow that night on the shore at Pascagoula. The other four surviving members of the group all corroborate the details of this extraordinary experience.

THE four girls had been childhood neighbors and close friends. Two of them would graduate from college in New Orleans in the spring and after that there would be no more sun-drenched vacations at the rambling seaside home of Jane's mother. The two boys were Bud and Jimmie, Jane's brothers; they had grown up in Pascagoula, Mississippi, helping their widowed mother with her pecan orchards.

It was a starlit night at the end of summer. As the driftwood fire lighted the weathered pillars of the house behind them and the line of shore ahead where dark ripples winked on white sand, the six young companions—who had parted in many previous Septembers with the knowledge that in the following June they would be together again beside Mississippi's gulf waters—vowed that they would come back again to Pascagoula.

"The vow won't mean anything," said Jimmie, the youngest of the party, "unless each one of us leaves in this spot something that he likes."

"What do you like most of all?" said Bud.

"Why, the *Sparrow*," said Jimmie. They all looked toward the black outline of his cat-boat as she rocked at her mooring just off shore.

"The *Sparrow* is just like one of us," Elizabeth said thoughtfully. "We've sailed her over every drop of water for miles and miles around here. She's taken us swimming ever since we were little. We all love her as much—well, almost as much as Jimmie does."

"Then why not let it be the boat that we leave here?" said Jimmie. "If we do that, each one of us will be leaving in Pascagoula the one thing that he loves most, and she'll make sure we'll be back—all of us—when the time comes."

The five who still live say that their vow was all but forgotten in the six years that followed. They were so scattered that a reunion had become impracticable. Elizabeth became my wife and came to live with me in New York. Of the other three girls, one was a social worker in Virginia, one was a housewife in Baton Rouge, and Jane was teaching in a New Orleans school.

Then a letter brought each one of them a great sorrow. "Jimmie has been murdered," wrote his mother. "He took a load of pecans to New Orleans and left the truck there for repairs. On his way to the railroad station he was hit over the head and robbed by someone who must have seen him get the money for the pecans. He died, still unconscious, in Charity Hospital."

On reading this letter the girls were so overcome with grief that the postscript made little impression on their minds at the time, though they all remembered it later:

"The *Sparrow* has gone. On the day Jimmie died she slipped her moorings and drifted away. Bud has looked everywhere. He told the Coast Guard, and they searched every inch of shoreline, but found no trace of her."

The end of this story came three years later. Elizabeth went to New Orleans for a minor operation. While she was recovering, the social worker came home from Virginia on her vacation and the Baton Rouge housewife came down-river to visit Jane. Thus they were together again, for the first time since the night of their vow nine years previous. A sunny Saturday found them motoring to Pascagoula.

"It won't be the same without Jimmie," said Elizabeth. "I don't know whether I can stand it."

When they reached the house, Jane's mother stood in the doorway. Elizabeth jumped from the car and ran toward her, expecting the usual affectionate embrace. She stopped, puzzled and hurt at seeing no gesture of welcome. The older woman was deathly pale, her arms hung limp, and she shook with emotion.

"The *Sparrow* has come back!" she said. "She drifted in only a few minutes ago, all covered with mud. She's down there now, on the shore."

They looked—and saw the top of a little mast bobbing up and down. Suddenly Bud, who had quietly come from the house, was beside them—an older Bud whose eyes seemed to burn with grief as he spoke:

"Jimmie said that when the time came, the *Sparrow* would see that we would *all* be together again, and now she's done it. He's down there—"

"Don't say it!" said Jane sharply—and they were all silent in the shock of their inescapable surmise.

Benj. Franklin talked about them . . .
Thomas Jefferson and Martha Washington talked about them . . .
. . . YOU will talk about them!

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The surprising, yet authentic human story of two people and their intimate associations with the men and women who shaped America's destiny. A book for today about those who, yesterday, lived to temper the steel from which our freedom was forged. Tense with interest, varying from King George III turning his back on Jefferson to Lucy's pouring scalding tea down a guest's back, and including the hitherto unpublished account of an arch-traitor to the American Cause. As frank as a diary—more illuminating than history.

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Published Nov. 20th

THE DIETZ PRESS, Inc.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

HE . . .
was beloved by Samuel Johnson who hated all Americans; was helped by Thomas Jefferson who hated all Englishmen.

SHE . . .
ruled two Paradise houses; helped her daughter elope; loved and asked to live with Jefferson at "Monticello."

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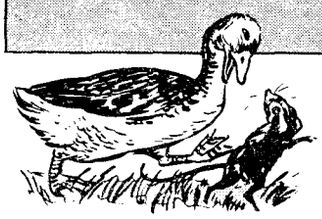

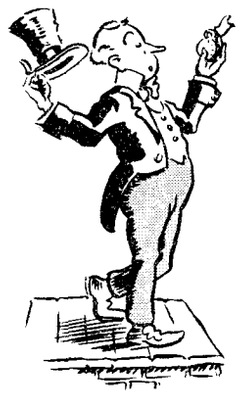

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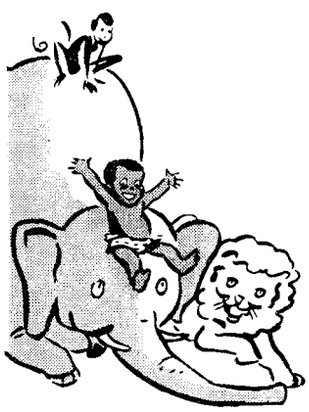
MEG WOHLBERG wrote and illustrated this grand trick book. Bimbo has eyes that roll and every youngster will love his elephant and the lion that comes out of the cage.



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Sixth in her series of books on wartime China, for the 'teen age, Mrs. Lewis, winner of the Newbery medal for "Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze," has written a dramatic, vivid, vital story. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. $2.00

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The Aleutian Islands—mysterious and fog-hidden—provide the background for this headline story of a Jap invasion before Pearl Harbor. Illustrated by Kreigh Collins. $2.00

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Jack O'Brien's
SPIKE OF SWIFT RIVER
"Another sure-fire seller about a dog, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. The combination will bring in plenty of boys to ask for copies. (9-15.)"—Virginia Kirkus, $2.00

Herbert Best's
GUNSMITH'S BOY
"A well-told story based on local traditions illustrated by Erick Berry. 1816 — eighteen-hundred-and-starve-to-death in the country between Lake George and Champlain."—Virginia Kirkus. $2.00

Emma Atkins Jacobs'
TRAILER TRIO
A "junior Grapes of Wrath," this modern odyssey of three youngsters in the Far West is an inspirational career story packed with surprises. Illustrated by Pelagie Doane. $2.00

Theresa Townsend's
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"Calls for a sequel" says the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin about this unusual story of a minister's son who was all boy, but looked like an angel! $2.00

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THE

Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

Guide to Books for Young People

EDITED BY LEO LERMAN

An Annual Report

AUTHORS, illustrators, and publishers of young people's books have swiftly moved their enormous industry right into the front line of civilian defense. They have gone all out to preserve and produce the sort of books which present our culture while telling even younger children why we fight, how we fight, where we fight, and who is fighting. Emphasis, this year, is definitely upon the U.S.A., the United Nations, the two Americas, Democracy.

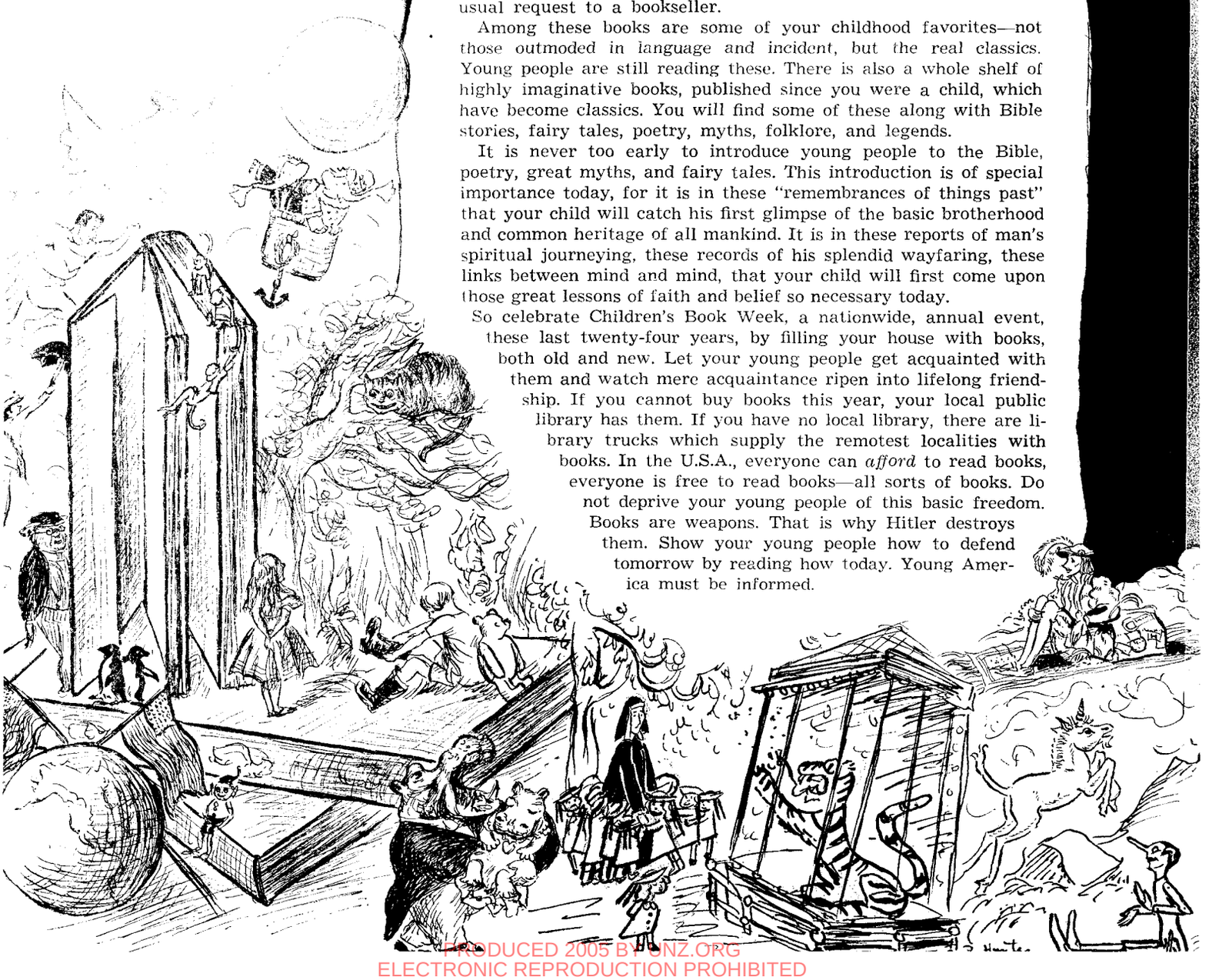
The spotlight is also on career books. 1942's teen-aged boys and girls are thinking of jobs. They are thinking of war jobs—jobs of the immediate future—and they are thinking of peacetime jobs—jobs beyond today, jobs in a world at peace. And they are preparing for both worlds. These books are legion, for not only are 1942's books up to the minute on vital career subjects, but many of those published in the last twenty years are just as timely.

This is a year of questions. In the following pages you will find a book to answer almost any one of these questions, a book for almost any child. In these pages you will not find "a nice book for a little *boy five or a sweet girl six and not over one dollar, please—*" the usual request to a bookseller.

Among these books are some of your childhood favorites—not those outmoded in language and incident, but the real classics. Young people are still reading these. There is also a whole shelf of highly imaginative books, published since you were a child, which have become classics. You will find some of these along with Bible stories, fairy tales, poetry, myths, folklore, and legends.

It is never too early to introduce young people to the Bible, poetry, great myths, and fairy tales. This introduction is of special importance today, for it is in these "remembrances of things past" that your child will catch his first glimpse of the basic brotherhood and common heritage of all mankind. It is in these reports of man's spiritual journeying, these records of his splendid wayfaring, these links between mind and mind, that your child will first come upon those great lessons of faith and belief so necessary today.

So celebrate Children's Book Week, a nationwide, annual event, these last twenty-four years, by filling your house with books, both old and new. Let your young people get acquainted with them and watch mere acquaintance ripen into lifelong friendship. If you cannot buy books this year, your local public library has them. If you have no local library, there are library trucks which supply the remotest localities with books. In the U.S.A., everyone can *afford* to read books, everyone is free to read books—all sorts of books. Do not deprive your young people of this basic freedom. Books are weapons. That is why Hitler destroys them. Show your young people how to defend tomorrow by reading how today. Young America must be informed.



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Behind the Headlines in Books for Young America

IT is doubly imperative that we explain Democracy and our way of life to even the youngest children. It is impossible to keep the world situation from them. Modern conditions forbid the sheltered life, and even the least curious child is filled with questions. It is important that answers to questions about Democracy—about why we fight—be simple, unemotional, logical, interesting, and emphatic. Here are books which will tell you and your young people all you want to know. For a more extensive list see "Reading for Democracy," *SRL,* July 14, 1942.

"Democracy," the Goslins (Harcourt, Brace: $1.50), abstractions clarified for everyone from six to ninety by concise photographs and text. . . . "The Making of a Democracy," Gertrude Hartman (John Day: $1.96), most recent edition of brilliant text for young adults. . . . "We Live to Be Free," Emma Gelders Sterne (Farrar & Rinehart: $2), the democratic idea in close-ups of its most famous exponents, in terms of its most impressive events (young adults). . . . "Songs of Freedom," edited by Davis, Davison, Kempf (Houghton Mifflin: $1.75: all ages), democracy's song from the world over, complete with engaging program notes and music.

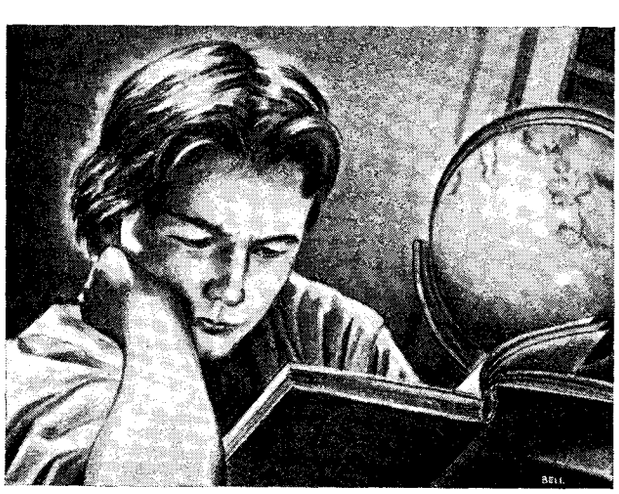
Young America's Heritage

Books which give young people the past they need, to face the present and build the future. . . . "Look at America," Elizabeth Kent Tarshis (McBride: $2: 8 up), powerful picture of the U. S. A. today invokes our historic past in a Whitmanesque prose-poem, not arty but absorbing. . . . "Building a Republic," L. Lamprey (Stokes: $2.25: young adults), how the U. S. A. grew, a dynamic book. . . . "We the People," Leo Huberman (Harper: $2.50: 8 up), American history made as thrilling as a newsreel, with Thomas Benton illustrations. . . . "Growing Up with America," May Lamberton Becker (Stokes: $2.50: 10 up), panorama of American life in a comprehensive, sprightly anthology. See also her excellent anthologies of real American regional tales (Dodd, Mead: $2.50 each: 10 up).

"The Little History of the United States," "The Little Geography of the United States," Mabel Pyne (Houghton Mifflin: $2 each: 6-9), most modern, amusing, and colorful of histories and geographies for this age. . . . "They Went Exploring," Arensa Sondergaard (Harper: $1.50: 7 up), a large-sized book filled with graphic pictures and true adventure stories from early Minoan times to Beebe. . . . "The Schoolbell Rings," Evelyn Sickels (Scribner's: $2: 8-12), early American schools and customs in accurate but charming stories. . . . "Americans Every One," Lavinia R. Davis (Doubleday, Doran: $1.50: 4-8), nine melting-pot stories, nine easy lessons in citizenship and what Americanism means. . . . "This Land We Defend," Bennett and Pryor (Longmans, Green: $1.50: 12 up), literally about the land, soil conservation by men who know all about it, extremely important today.

Places in the News

"My First Geography of the Americas," Arensa Sondergaard (Little, Brown: $1.75: 6-9), both Americas from top to toe, facts and pictures make geography delightful. . . . "South American Roundabout," Agnes Rothery (Dodd, Mead: $2: 10 up), Latin America in a book packed with authentic legends, adventure stories, pictures of the other America's great cities, plains, mountains, and rivers. See also this author's "Washington Roundabout," everything about a city of world interest. . . . "Mexico and the Inca Lands," "Australia," Rafello Busoni (Holiday House: $1 each: 8-12), first in a series of vividly executed background books. . . . "Here Is Alaska," Eleanor Stefansson (Scribner's: $2.50: young adults), famous explorer's wife gives an exhaustive account of a land she knows intimately.



—*Courtesy of Julian Messner.*

"The Perilous Island," Frederick Arnold Kummer (Winston: $2: 12-16), the Aleutians form the background in this tense novel. A Japanese invasion is involved. . . . "Smoky Bay," Steingrimur Arason (Macmillan: $2: 8-12), unique view of important Iceland in a story revolving around a small boy. . . . "Canada and Her Story," Mary Graham Bonner (Knopf: $2: 8-14), a swiftly paced handbook presenting a straightforward account of our neighbor to the north. . . . "Ocean Outposts," Eleanor Follett (Scribner's: $2: 10 up), Pacific Island —especially Wake, Midway, the Philippines, Hawaii, facts not fiction and twice as exciting.

"Rathina," Mairin Cregan (Macmillan: $2.25: 10-14), novel set outside Dublin, good Irish family story and excellent local color. . . . "Three Secrets," M. Josephine Smith (Macmillan: $2: 10-14), Portugal today in a dashing novel filled with political intrigue and mystery. . . . "Wings for Nikias," Josephine Blackstock (Putnam's: $2: 11-13), pre-war Greece and Greece under Nazi rule, a novel with lots of action and frequent glimpses of Greece's glorious past. . . . "Bolek," Antoni Gronowicz (Nelson: $2.50: 8 up), Poland before and during Nazi invasion. A distinguished, vigorous book by a great Polish author.

"Happy Times in Norway," Sigrid Undset (Knopf: $2: 12 up), 1942's foremost non-fiction, a classic by a Nobel Prize winner. . . . "Andries," Hilda van Stockum (Viking: $2: 12 up), a new Stockum is always an event. This is a lovely book set in Holland. . . . "Snow Treasure," Marie McSwigan (Dutton: $2: Norwegian children save Norway's gold in one of 1942's most thrilling novels, factual. . . . "Made in Russia," White (Knopf: $2: 10 up), industries, crafts, straight information. . . . "Mystery of the Mahteb," Lide and Johansen (Longmans, Green: $2.50: 10-14), Ethiopia in the thirteenth century as alive as U. S. A. 1942, fiction. . . . "Our India," Minoo Masani (Oxford: $1.75: 12-16), the President of the All-India Congress Socialist Party tells all about his native land; has sold 1,000,000 in India. . . . "Adventuring in Palestine," Marion Rubinstein (Knopf: $2: 10 up), three refugee German girls seek peace in the Holy Land, good detail.

"The Chinese Children Next Door," Pearl Buck (John Day: $2: 6 up), a Nobel Prize Winner tells of her childhood in China and creates a unique and utterly delightful book. . . . "When the Typhoon Blows," Elizabeth Foreman Lewis (Winston: $2: 'teens), sixth in this author's well-loved series set in wartime China. Written with zest and honesty. . . . And do not forget all of Arthur Bowie Christman's novels and story books set in China. His "Shen of the Sea" won the Newbery Prize in 1926. (Dutton).

Special Today

Be sure to have within easy reach of everyone these three democracy preservers: "A War-Time Handbook for Young Americans," Munro Leaf (Stokes: $1.25), funny Leaf drawings and text show how everyone from seven up should behave and help during this crisis. An essential today. . . . "Very First Aid," Dorothea Gould (Oxford: $.50: 6-10), pocket-book size, dos and don'ts, and vital information for young children living in perilous times. . . . "First Aid for Boys," Cole and Ernst (Appleton D-Century: $2: all ages).

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Classics and Old Favorites Yesterday and Today

THE very essence of man's spirit is preserved in this literature, whether it be on the printed or written page, graven in stone or wax, painted on walls, or told by word of mouth. "The tale of Troy has been used many times to light the fires of Northern barbarians, but the topless towers of Ilium and the stars in man's heaven are one." Here are some of the books, both old and new, which seem eternal. Many publishers issue the classics in standard series. Accent here is upon recent reprints not in these series. Revisit your childhood with these:

Old Favorites

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," Lewis Carroll (Doubleday, Doran: $1.50), a remarkable facsimile of the first English edition with all the wonderful Tenniel drawings. Even if you have a copy, you will want this one. It feels just right. . . . "A Book of Myths," Helen Sewell (Macmillan: $2.50: 12-16), Bulfinch's "Age of Fable" arranged and illustrated by one of young America's favorite illustrators. . . . Four of the best-loved "Just So Stories" published individually, large, bright format (Garden City: $.50). . . . "The Snow Queen," Hans Christian Andersen (Macmillan: $2: 8 up), a big individual volume illustrated by the Haumans.

"The Reluctant Dragon," Kenneth Grahame (Holiday House: $1.25), only edition of this perennial delight; with Ernest Shepard illustrations. . . . "Little Magic Horse," Peter Ershoff (Macmillan: $2.50: 8-12), most famous of all Russian folk tales in a beautiful translation, with just the right pictures by Vera Bock. . . . "The Jumbo Sambo," Helen Bannerman (Stokes: $2.25), six of the most successful stories with all of the original, comic illustrations. . . . "A Child's Garden of Verse," (Garden City: $1), Stevenson's poems with Pelagie Doane's pictures. . . . "The Tall Book of Mother Goose" (Harper's: $1), 5½ by 12¼ inches makes this the most unusually sized Mother Goose we have ever seen. Good for a long stocking gift and very gay.

"Prince Prigio," Andrew Lang (Little, Brown: $1.75), one of the most amusing of all fairy tales issued, at last, by itself with satiric black and white drawings by Robert Lawson. . . . "The Fables of La Fontaine," Margaret Wise Brown, translator (Harper's: $1.50: 4-8), little children love these fables and the pictures which go with them. . . . "Gargantua and Pantagruel" (Houghton Mifflin: $2:50), Rabelais for boys from eight up. Read this and you will laugh on the dreariest day. . . . "Aesop's Fables," Boris Artzybasheff (Viking: $2: 9-13), still the most beautifully illustrated of modern versions for young people.

"Knickerbocker's History of New York," Anne Carroll Moore, editor (Doubleday: $2.50), complete with James Daugherty illustrations and text beautifully cut by a renowned young people's book authority. See also her version of Irving's "The Bold Dragoon & Other Ghostly Tales" (Knopf: $2.50). . . . "Brer Rabbit," Margaret Wise Brown, adaptor (Harper's: $1.50: 6-10), loses none of its inherent humor in this streamlined version. . . . "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," (Crowell: $2), Elinore Blaisdell's pictures make this an event. . . . "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Oxford: $2.50), Shakespeare's songs selected from the plays by Julia Louise Reynolds and exquisitely printed and illustrated, a beautiful gift book. . . . "The Players' Shakespeare," arranged and condensed by Thomas P. Robinson (Viking: $1.50 each), smooth acting versions for the high school aged and for amateur groups, replete with all sorts of production aids. Six of the plays already published; more coming. This is a publishing event in young people's books.

—From "Hill of Little Miracles," by Valenti Angelo.

Modern Classics

This is a rich shelf, and Walter de la Mare's stories, anthologies, and poems are among the most impressive contributions upon it. Do not forget "The Three Mulla-Mulgars" (Knopf: $2.50); "Broomsticks and Other Tales" (Knopf: $3.), eerie stories just right for a dark night when the wind howls; "Peacock Pie" (Holt: $2.50); "Told Again" (Knopf: $2.50), his version of some of the loveliest fairy tales; "Come Hither" (Knopf: $3.75); and this year's books, "Bells and Grass" (Viking: $2.50), a large, new, and satisfying collection of his poems, and "Mr. Bumps and His Monkey" (Winston: $2.: 6 up), all about an intelligent monkey and a sailor. This monkey is a direct Mulla-Mulgar descendant. The book is, as usual with de la Mare, funny and beautiful. You will want it.

You will also want all the Babar books in the new $1 editions Random House is publishing. And you will want to remember the books of Felix Salten (inexpensive editions, Grosset & Dunlap); the books of Dhon Gopal Mukerji (Dutton), especially "Gay-Neck," Newbery Prize Winner, 1928; and the innumerable lovely volumes which bear the signature of Padraic Colum.

Others are: "The Blue Hills," Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann: $2.: 10 up), the people of "A City of Bells" in 1942's most glowing novel, will last as long as books and will be compared with "The Secret Garden," and all sorts of other enchanting books, but it is a classic all on its own and completely different from any other. . . . "Pooh's Library" (Dutton: $3.98 for set of four), A. A. Milne's most favorite poems and Pooh stories boxed ($1 individually). . . . "A Little Boy Lost" ($1.25), "Tales of the Pampas" ($2.), W. H. Hudson, both by Knopf and both musts for all young people. . . . "Mary Poppins," P. L. Travers (Reynal & Hitchcock: $1.89), complete in one volume with its sequel, and still one of the funniest, most tender books of all time.

"Rootabaga Stories," Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50: 8 up), genuine American classic, lusty humor, real Sandburg, a big omnibus volume. . . . "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan: $2.), Newbery Prize Winner, 1931, delicate story about Buddha and a cat, beautifully written, and enhanced by Lynd Ward illustrations. Don't forget her other stories and novels for young people. . . . "The Hobbit," J. R. R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50), strange little men engage in titanic wars, interspersed with lilting songs and all sorts of ancient lore. . . . And "David Blaze," E. F. Benson (Doubleday, Doran: $2.), a much loved English school story which never seems to lose its charm.

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The World of the Mind and Spirit in Books

Bibles for Young America

CHILDREN should hear rhythmic passages from the Bible as early as possible. A beautiful picture-book Bible should be among their very first books. Here are nine Bible books, each one different, each one unique.

"The Tree of Life," Ruth Smith, editor, (Viking: $3: all ages); a junior "Bible of the World." Integrated selections from great Biblical literatures; not pedantic but good reading. . . . "A Bible A B C," Grace Allen Hogarth (Stokes: $1: 2-6); "A is for Ark. Noah built the Ark to save all the animals when the floods came. Genesis—7." And the whole book is like that—charming, simple, dignified. "A First Bible," Helen Sewell (Oxford: $2.50); Old and New Testament with emphasis on the latter. Large sections of the King James version and inspired drawings make this *the* beautiful picture-book Bible. . . . "In the Beginning," James Daugherty (Oxford: $2.); the first chapter of Genesis, a great poem illustrated magnificently.

"Christ Legends," Selma Lagerlöf (Holt: $1.75); fairy tale-like retelling of the sacred legends by a great story teller and novelist. . . . "The Ageless Story," (Dodd, Mead: $1.29), and "The Little Book About God," (Doubleday, Doran: $1.50); Lauren Ford, one of America's distinguished artists, combines a fine feeling for the religious and New England in two unrivalled books. . . . "Jesus's Story," the Petershams (Macmillan: $1.50: 8-14); the King James Bible forms the text, the pictures are among this popular couple's best, a book to cherish. Don't forget their "The Christ Child" (Doubleday, Doran: $2). . . . "A Child's Book of Prayers," Masha (Random House: $1.50); all sorts of prayers in a golden book which has sold over 30,000 copies.

Folk Lore of the Americas

Most children love legends. The fantastic intrigues them. They love to know how the coyote got his coat and all about Indian miracle men. They shiver with delight when mountains become beasts and rabbits talk. During recent years America has been rediscovering American miracle men and American miracles. Here are some of the discoveries.

"Heroes, Outlaws and Funny Fellows of American Popular Tales," Olive Beaupré Miller (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50: up to 14); 322 pages of Americana in genuine sagas; from Captain Kidd to Paul Bunyan; a treasure-trove. . . . "America Sings: Stories and Songs of Our Country's Growing," Carl Carmer (Knopf: $3: all ages); twenty-nine regional folk tales told with all of Carmer's vigor, grace, and charm, plus a folk song each; wonderful for those long winter evenings at home. . . . "Paul Bunyan," Esther Shephard (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50: all ages); most comprehensive version and illustrated with Rockwell Kent pictures.

"How Old Stormalong Captured Mocha Dick," Irwin Shapiro (Messner: $1.50: 9 up); a Yankee Gargantua and a white whale pictured in roaring prose. . . . "Don Coyote," Leigh Peck (Houghton Mifflin: $2: 7-13); all the legends of the Western Brer Rabbit; hilarious tall tales. Don't forget "Pecos Bill and Lightning" ($1.75), just as funny. . . . "The Fast Sooner Hound," Bontemps and Conroy (Houghton Mifflin: $1.75: 7-12), a hound and the Cannon Ball Express race with surprising and laughable results. A little-known tale garnered from our Western industrial folk lore.

"Songs and Games of the Americas," Frank Henius, editor (Scribner's: $2); Latin America in song and loads of new games for rainy afternoons inside. . . . "The Boy Who Could Do Anything and Other Mexican Folk Tales," retold by Anita Brenner (Scott: $2.50: 6 up); unusual, well-written stories illustrated by the well-known Jean Charlot. . . . "Uncle Bouqui of Haiti," Harold Courlander (Morrow: $2: 8-12); humorous tales from Haiti, excellent for reading aloud. . . . And "Thirteen Ghostly Yarns," Elizabeth Hough, editor (Macrae-Smith: $2: all ages); a new edition of a classic harrowing collection. Not for pre-bedtime, but fun if you can take it.

Extensions of Reality

The real, the unreal, and all the world between. Young people of *all ages* adore these stories of things which never were, or were they? In these books the inanimate is animate, tree and man are interchangeable and one and the same. Everything can talk and frequently does.

"The Treasure of the Isle of Mist," William W. Tarn (Putnam: $2); realistically unreal adventures on a fantastic isle. . . . "The Colt from Moon Mountain," Dorothy P. Lathrop (Macmillan: $1.50); a strange white colt, a weird forest pool, and a trusting child make this a memorable book. One of this author's best, but try her others, too. . . . "Poo-Poo and the Dragons," C. S. Forester (Little, Brown: $1.75); "Captain Horatio Hornblower's" author writes an uproariously funny book about a small and very modern boy who finds two dragons and brings them home.

"St. George and the Witches," J. W. Dunne (Holt: $2: 8-12); the St. George legend embroidered in a John Erskine-like book by a famed inventor and philosopher. . . . "Not-Mrs.-Murphy," Patricia Gordon (Viking: $1.50: 8 up); a school bus, an odd old woman, and lots of baffled children make this one of 1942's best books. . . . "Dougal's Wish," Leclaire Alger (Harper: $2); a kelpie on a Pennsylvania farm and what came of a wish. You will not want this one to end. . . . "Herodia, the Lovely Puppet," Katherine Milhous (Scribner: $2); factual Americana and an unusual heroine make this a rare book of fantasy. . . . "Who Goes to the Woods," Fay Inchfawn (Winston: $2: 9-12); a mouse keeps house, a duck writes poetry, and this book becomes one of 1942's delightful discoveries.

"King of the Cats," Eileen O'Faolin (Morrow: $2: 7-10); the King of the Cats eludes two persistent boys in this amusing Irish fairy tale filled with suspense. The Vera Brock black and whites are very special. . . . "The Spider's Palace" and "Don't Blame Me," Richard Hughes (Harper: $1.50 each); author of "An Innocent Voyage" writes extraordinary fairy tales for children. Very modern, very funny. . . . "The Castle in the Silver Wood," Ruth Bryan Owen (Dodd, Mead: $2: 6-9); our ex-Minister to Denmark enriches our literature and understanding of Scandinavia with these fairy tales. . . . "Never to Die," Mayer and Prideaux (Viking: $3.50); a sumptuously written and illustrated anthology of Egyptian lore. Beautiful enough for the art shelf.

"The White Stag," Kate Seredy (Viking: $2: young adults); entrancingly written epic Hungarian legend. If you like this one, read all her other books, too. . . . "The Little Red Lighthouse and the Great Gray Bridge" ($2) and "The House by the Sea" ($1.75: both Harcourt, Brace); Hildegarde Hoyt Swift's two remarkable books for children from seven up. Houses and their very own feelings in rhythmic prose especially suited to reading aloud. . . . And you might as well give them "The Adventures of Superman" (Random House: $1). They will get it somehow, so give it to them and then show them that Merlin, Aaron, and Paul Bunyan were all pretty good magicians, too.

If you can buy only one book this year, get an exhaustive anthology. This will furnish reading for years: "A World of Stories for Children," Clark and Jagendorf (Bobbs-Merrill: $5); 844 pages; something for everyone; from Greece to regional tales.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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New Horizons in Picture Books

PICTURE books have sometimes been classified as merchandise rather than literature. Our own English publisher once gleefully told us that our books were sold as staples at Selfridge's, along with the needles and pins! This is a shock to one's ego as an author, but perhaps as it should be.

A book to a youngster is more than a mere book. It is something to be used and loved and played with. If it is a good book it is remembered and actually kept (if it survives the wear and tear) for years. The first books that a child gets may not seem important, but we can by no means afford to ignore them. In Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," the infant to be conditioned to the laboring group is exposed to a book set upon the floor. He creeps toward it, only to receive an electric shock as he reaches it—result, an enduring dislike of literature and the intellectual life!

The writers and illustrators of children's books this year have turned out a splendid array of tempting items, and some of them should serve to introduce children to further pleasures in literature.

Children and the War

Some may feel that our young children should be a vast isolationist group, safe from all knowledge of the frightful war-world we live in. But children are not naturally isolationists at all, and we must accept that fact. They have a far more robust outlook than we may suppose. Here then are three books dealing with war or patriotism, each with a different approach.

Walt Disney has given us, in "The Victory March" (Random House: $1) complete with the familiar Disney characters and tricks, the urge to buy Defense Stamps, and, inside the back-cover of the book, a Defense Stamp Album with a pocket to keep it in. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire have made a beautiful book illustrating "The Star Spangled Banner" (Doubleday, Doran: $2). The d'Aulaires have interpreted the words of the first verse with a charming set of lithographs. Theirs is the way a child itself might visualize the song while singing it—naive and gentle and a bit dim as to meaning. All four verses and the music of the anthem serve as end-papers.

"The Secret of the Ancient Oak" (Morrow: $2), written and illustrated by someone who modestly uses the pseudonym "Wolo," deserves special recommendation. It is the best book we have yet found to teach the principles of democracy. There is no direct propaganda about it, not even in the blurb on the jacket. Outwardly it appears to be just another unusually charming story of imaginary wood creatures. There is no mention of or comparison with our threatened actual world, but the whole present situation in which the world finds itself is, nevertheless, actually there.

This book may easily become a classic. The children who are fortunate enough to have it now will find more humor and straight thinking in it as they grow older; and the parents lucky enough to read it will benefit also. What the forest creatures learn is the value of coöperation in preserving the good life.

New York Background

New York City provides the setting for three fine books, each very different from the others in style, story, and illustrations. "Sweeny's Adventure" (Random House: $1), as originally told by the popular John Kieran in a motion picture, and here adapted, glorifies The Bronx Zoo, or perhaps we might say that the new Bronx glorifies Sweeny's adventure. In any case, Tibor Gergely has made some of the most charming drawings of a tough little boy of six that we have yet seen. His remarkable use of color makes even the rhinoceros a creature of beauty.

In "Hezekiah Horton," (Viking: $1) written by Ellen Tarry, at last we have a realistic, honest book about a negro boy in Harlem. Hezekiah speaks the language of all American children, and it is a step upward when negro children in books are no longer handicapped by the Negro dialect. "The Little Red Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace: $1.75) is the story of the one in the shadow of the "Great Gray" George Washington Bridge. Told in the age-old rhythmic style of folklore, this story of modern times is unusually successful. Boys of from four to eight will particularly enjoy it. In the illustrations, Lynd Ward has managed to endow the lighthouse with moods through only a slight use of the device of giving it a human face.

—From "The Star Spangled Banner," by the d'Aulaires.

Although "The Little House," (Houghton Mifflin: $1.75) may not actually be about New York City, it could be. This book is a pleasure to look at without reading the story, always the test of a good picture book. The story of how the city grew up 'round the little house becomes amazingly dramatic, accumulating page by page until it is hard to find the little house under the elevated tracks, hemmed in between tall buildings. When at last the little house is moved back to the country one gives a sigh of pleasure and relief.

Sequels and Reprints

Charlotte Steiner has written a companion-piece to her "Lulu" and "Pete and Peter" in a story of the meeting of Lulu and Peter and their two dogs on a winter day (Doubleday, Doran: $1). The adventures of the two children include coasting, making a snowman, a spill in a puddle, and coming home to baths and a change of clothes—all extremely satisfying to the young under six years old, because just such adventures might happen to any child. The pictures are full of action.

"A Letter to Popsey" (Grosset & Dunlap: $.50, in the "Story Parade Picture Book" series, by Mabel La Rue, illustrated by Lois Lenski, is about the extraordinary Toosey family whose other adventures you may already have seen in Miss La Rue's "The Tooseys" (Nelson). The famous "Peter Churchmouse" is succeeded by "Gabriel Churchkitten" (Dutton: $1), by Margot Austin. Children who chuckled over the former will welcome Peter's peculiar little friend and the puppy called Trumpet.

"A Child's Book of Christmas Carols," (Random House: $1.50) so beautifully illustrated by Masha that it will have to be sung or played to the children and kept away from small grubby hands, contains such old favorites as "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" and "Good King Wenceslas." The songs have been selected and arranged by Inez Bertail.

MARJORIE FLACK.

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Illustration from THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

An exciting list of books for young Americans of every age

☐ **THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.** *Pictured by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire.* With a sincere and warm-hearted love for their adopted country, the authors of the Caldecott medal winner, *Abraham Lincoln,* have combined their talents to produce one of their most beautiful books. In this pictured version of "The Star Spangled Banner" they give a new and deeper understanding of what our National Anthem represents and what its stirring words signify to all of us. Illustrated with five-color lithographs. *Ages 6 to 9.* $2.00

☐ **UP THE HILL.** *Written and illustrated in color by Marguerite de Angeli.* The fascinating daily adventures of two Polish-American children in a Pennsylvania mining town. By the author of ELIN'S AMERIKA. *Ages 7 to 10.* $2.00

☐ **NIGHT BOAT and Other Tod Moran Mysteries** *by Howard Pease. Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry.* Tales of rebellion in Caracas, of a mysterious silver canoe, of murder on Noa Noa, and of a wild ride with a Mexican bandit. By the author of THE BLACK TANKER. *High School Age.* $2.00

Illustration from Lulu Meets Peter

☐ **LULU MEETS PETER** *by Charlotte Steiner. Illustrated in color by the author.* Two steep hills covered with snow, two sleds, and two outdoor enthusiasts can result in only one thing — a collision. Rollicking fun in gay, colored pictures of those lovable characters from LULU and PETE AND PETER. *Ages 3 to 7.* $1.00

☐ **MARIA ROSA** *by Vera Kelsey. Illustrated by Candido Portinari.* A gay account of the everyday fun and carnival frolic of a little Brazilian girl and her family. Illustrated by South America's most distinguished artist. 14 full-color and 7 black-and-white illustrations. *Ages 6 to 10.* $2.00

☐ **FAVORITE STORIES OLD AND NEW.** *Selected by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese.* Over a hundred stories for children selected from the thousands of tales that best represent the beginning of a literary background for them. *Up to 9.* $2.50

☐ **HEROINES OF THE SKY** *by Jean Adams and Margaret Kimball* in collaboration with *Jeanette Eaton. Illustrated with photographs.* Thrilling true stories of the women pioneers of aviation. *High School Age.* $2.50

Illustration from Plow Penny Mystery

☐ **PLOW PENNY MYSTERY** *by Lavinia R. Davis. Illustrated by Paul Brown.* Three children and a neighbor set up a club in an abandoned stable and mysterious efforts to oust them result in a series of exciting adventures. *Ages 8 to 12.* $2.00

Send for FREE 1942 Junior Books Catalog

1942 JUNIOR BOOKS DOUBLEDAY, DORAN Garden City, N.Y.

Fiction Grows Up for Young People

HIGH school people read what you read plus vast quantities of literature especially prepared for them. These young adults are vitally interested in the problems which surround them. Dependent upon their aptitudes and inclinations, they are interested in special fields of endeavor, but most of them are interested in sports, movies, dancing, various hobbies, the war, jobs, and life. They read everything from "A Tale of Two Cities" to "King's Row," "Grapes of Wrath," "War and Peace," "Pride and Prejudice," and the comics. Here are books written, for young people of various ages, by men and women who know their problems and how to write about them:

Background: The War

"The Wishing Window," Hortense Flexner (Stokes: $1.50: 5-10), when your five-year-old questions about "the war" and what it means, this is the book to read aloud. It is set in France during the Nazi invasion, and without any brutality or excesses it tells its little story—frequently gay and always honest. This is one you really need. . . . "Watching for Winkie," Theresa Kalb (Longmans, Green: $1.75: 7-10), a true and interestingly written story of a pigeon who saves four airmen. . . . "Johnny Mouse of Corregidor," Marion Johnson (Bobbs-Merrill: $1.50: 6 up), another true story; a mouse-eye view of recent events. . . . "Jungle Highway," Gregor Felsen (Dutton: $2: young adults), Pan-Americanism, Pan-American Highway, sabotage, and three heroes make this a natural for the young people's best-selling list. . . . "Gulliver Joins the Army," Alice Dalgliesh (Scribner's: $2: 8-11), *Dogs for Defense* and a brave dog make this a most surprising animal story.

"May I Keep Dogs?" Kitty Barne (Dodd, Mead: $2: 8-12); an English war story filled with valiant young people and kennel doings. Different and timely background makes this a necessity. . . . "Brian's Victory," Ethel Calvert Phillips (Houghton Mifflin: $2: 7-13); an English evacuee in America is the young hero of this gripping story. . . . "The Welcome," Babette Deutsch (Harper: $2: 10 up); the refugee problem brought home to young America in a probing book by a prose stylist. . . . "Top Kick, U. S. Army Horse," Helen Orr Watson (Houghton Mifflin: $2: 7-13); Bataan is the big finish to a book filled with excitement.

"Junior Air Raid Wardens," Jack Bechdolt (Lippincott: $1.75: 12 up); two American heroes, enemy spies, and ubiquitous G-men make this a sensationally good novel for today. . . . "Inside Out," Gertrude E. Mallette (Doubleday, Doran: $2: young adults); an art student heroine, spies, the Hudson River, and a pair of binoculars all contrive to make this an intriguing book. . . . "Salvage," Feliz Riesenberg, Jr. (Dodd, Mead: $2: young adults); as thrilling as a movie is this swiftly paced story of American seamen and enemy pursuit. . . . "Left Till Called For," Mary Treadgold (Doubleday, Doran: $2: 10-15); two British children and how they face Nazi invasion. This will make headlines more personal. Plenty of rough and ready thrills. . . . "Shadow on the Campus," Donal Hamilton Haines (Farrar & Rinehart: $2: young adults); a fifth-column plot takes the place of football and social events. War and young America's share in it is the real background in this "college" novel. It will give today's boys and girls food for thought while they enjoy every page of it.

Novels for Young Adults

These are books which you can give boys and girls *from twelve up* and even earlier, depending on the boy or girl. Some of these will be liked more by girls, some more by boys, but both boys and girls will be interested in all of them. One is more distinguished, more exciting, more filled with today's essentials than any of the others. This book is John R. Tunis's "All American" (Harcourt, Brace: $2); 1942's outstanding novel for young America. Here are democracy, social adjustments, football, baseball, romance, the war, and life in America today accurately pictured. This book does not hesitate to discuss problems usually barred in books for young people. It should be read not only by the boys and girls for whom it was written, but by all adult Americans.

AMERICAN YESTERDAYS: "War Horse," Fairfax Downey (Dodd, Mead: $2); World War No. I is the background for this galloping horse story. A *Herald Tribune* Honorable Mention Book. . . . "Shadow Over Wide Run," Florence Crannell Means (Houghton Mifflin: $2); 1886 and a Navajo trading post give added color to this engrossing book. Read this author's other books. She is tops in problem novels—the kind tagged socially significant in the adult lists. . . . "Long Hunter: The Story of Big-Foot Spencer," Edd Winfield Parks (Farrar & Rinehart: $2); a Tennessee frontier legend, of Daniel Boone's day, is the basis of this Cooperesque novel. Easy reading.

"The Green Cockade," Merritt Parmelee Allen (Longmans, Green: $2); Allen has become a juvenile best-seller. This one is about the Green Mountain Boys. There are, of course, adventures galore and an authentic Revolutionary War background. . . . "For Flag and Freedom: 1812-1814," Frederic Arnold Kummer (Morrow: $2); a careful pic-

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ture of a fascinating period and plenty of action makes this a most satisfactory historical novel. . . . "Down Ryton Water," E. R. Gaggin (Viking: $2); the best Pilgrim novel we have read; written with loving care. A book to read many times. . . . "The Wreck of the Wild Wave," Edith Thacher Hurd (Oxford: $2.50); an authentic and startling Pitcairn Island story as salty as the sea.

Young people in their early 'teens are listing Walter D. Edmonds's "The Matchlock Gun" and his more recent "Tom Whipple" (Dodd, Mead: each $2) among their favorites. The former is the current Newbery Prize Winner. . . . They are also reading "Journey Cake," Isabel McLennan McMeekin (Messner: $2: 10 up). This is the 1942 $2,000 Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation Award book and a clever pioneer story.

AMERICA TODAY: "Jackhammer—Drill Runners of the Mountain Highway," Agnes Danforth Hewes (Knopf: $2); how roads are built high in the towering Western ranges. This will hold you from its first page to its last. . . . "Hemisphere Camp," Eleanor Thomas (Scribner's: $2); Girl Scouts from both Americas gather in their summer camp and form the background for this tip-top girls' story. . . . "Fishermen Four," Hugh B. Cave (Dodd, Mead: $2); good factual material for all those interested in fishing, plus an adventuresome story. . . . "Dixie Decides," May Justus (Random House: $2); a completely different novel from any on the list. About contemporary people who live in log-cabins in the Great Smoky Mountains.

"Husky Co-Pilot of Pilgrim," Rutherford Montgomery (Holt: $2); author's fourteenth young people's novel. Alaska is the background and an airplane, a young man, and a dog play the most important parts. . . . "Marty Markham," Lawrence E. Watkin (Holt: $1.50); "On Borrowed Time's" author captures a rich brat with undemocratic notions and transforms him entertainingly. . . . "Hill Lawyer," Hubert Skidmore (Doubleday, Doran: $2); confusion over a murder in the Blue Ridge Mountains almost ends in a lynching in this exceptional novel.

"Juneau, the Sleigh Dog," West Lathrop (Random House: $2); a boy and a dog, snowbound alone in the vastness of Alaska's glaciers, fight for their lives in a novel splendidly paced. . . . And there is "Sky Freighter," Howard M. Brier (Random House: $2); one of the best aviation stories, its setting is the Arctic regions of North Canada. . . . For girls, do not forget Phyllis Crawford's college and problem novels (Holt) and those by Marjory Hall and Marjorie Hill Allee (Houghton Mifflin) and Helen Dore Boylston (Little, Brown). Be sure to read Rosamond Van der Zee Marshall's "None But the Brave" (Houghton Mifflin: $2), this year's *Herald Tribune* Prize Book. Here is the historic oppression of the Dutch people by the Spaniards, and it reads like this morning's feature story.

Books for Young People

ALL-AMERICAN

by John R. Tunis

"As a football story this has speed and tension. As a realistic story of the issues and values which underlie life in any American high school it offers meaty food for thought to the youth which must perpetuate a true democracy."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

Illustrated, $2.00

A swift-paced story of adventure, filled to the brim with thrills and danger

Shadow IN THE PINES

by STEPHEN W. MEADER

Ted, a fifteen-year-old boy, helps the U. S. Army round up a gang of Nazi fifth-columnists threatening the safety of Fort Dix. Ages 8 to 16. *Illustrated,* $2.00

For children from 10 to 110

Jane, the Middle Moffat, is now ten, has a Best Friend, gives an organ recital, and misplaces her head while acting in The Three Bears.

by Eleanor Estes

THE MIDDLE MOFFAT

Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. $2.00

BY HERBERT S. ZIM

SUBMARINES The complete story of modern submarines, and how they work. *Illustrated,* $3.00

PARACHUTES A complete and exciting study of parachutes. *Illustrated,* $2.50

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Varied Fare for the Youngest Youngster

IT is a sad fact that even with the best intentions, so many illustrators of books for children insist on making their illustrations "quaint." To very small readers, pictures of children in Victorian dress, strange angles of perspective, and unfamiliar looking beds and chairs are not interesting but merely confusing. Even books that children really enjoy sometimes have this fault, and one feels that the children are pleased with the book not because of, but despite, the pictures. Since children under five or six are not yet very well acquainted with the world as it actually is, they cannot but miss the humor in pictures that depart from the normal. They like to look at recognizable objects—a chair or house or pair of overalls that is like their own. There should be one simple test for the artist to make with every book: if it can't be recognized, don't print it!

All four of the new Young Scott Books are sure-fire for children from two to six years old. As the publisher explains on the jacket of one of them, the books have already been tested by several groups of children and revised before publication to fit the suggestions and comments made by the children themselves.

"The Indoor Noisy Book" ($1) is a sequel to the three other noisy books. This time the story concerns itself with Muffin, the little dog whom readers of the previous volumes will remember with delight, and the things he hears in the house while he is sick in bed with a cold.

"Saturday Ride" ($1) is also a sequel. Its predecessor, "Saturday Walk," showed a child watching boats, trains, and a steam-shovel while out on a walk with his father. This book is the story of a journey a little girl takes on a train. It follows every step of the trip, the ride to the station, eating and sleeping on the train, the taxi from the station to Grandmother's house, and the final recounting of all the child's adventures. The book is made up with heavy, stiff pages which will resist wear and tear, and the text is very simple and large, features which will make it a good book for children who are learning to read, as well as small ones who like to handle pictures.

Another almost indestructible book is "Tommy Tippet's Toys," ($1) which has large, bright pictures and very simple type. Small children will love the sounds Tommy makes as he climbs the stairs and finds one toy after another. The most satisfactory feature of the book is that even a two-year-old can look at it alone and follow every page of the story without help.

"The Blue Guess Book" ($1) is most satisfactory for those five years old and over. It is a series of very simple riddles in pictures, with almost no text. It is a good example of the outstanding characteristic of all the Young Scott Books—the fact that they are written for children to "read" before they are actually at the reading age.

The set of twelve small books for very young children in "The Little Golden Library" is exceptionally appealing. It contains a very wide selection of material for the nursery age, including bedtime stories, well-known classics such as "The Three Little Kittens" and "The Little Red Hen," nursery songs, fairy tales, prayers for children, an illustrated alphabet, and the delightful new story of "The Pokey Little Puppy." The mothers who read the series aloud may wish that the editor had included one book on trains, boats, and automobiles, since all children under six, and small boys particularly, seem to have an overwhelming interest in the loud noises and moving wheels of modern transportation. But aside from this small omission the series pretty well covers all the interests of pre-school children.

The illustrations particularly are noteworthy. "The Animals of Farmer Jones" has clear, lively, and accurate pictures of all the barnyard family, executed with great imagination. "The Alphabet from A to Z" is based on what a child might actually see in his own home—the objects are recognized with delight by even very little children—and "The Three Little Kittens" is illustrated with incomparable charm by Masha. In fact, each book has been carefully and beautifully executed.

The volumes are quite sturdily bound, they are small enough to be handled easily by little children, and as a group they form a reasonably complete library for the "pre-book age." Best of all, the low price ($.25 each) makes them easily available.

ROSEMARY DAWSON.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

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Looking Forward

The *SRL* Guide to Books for Young People will be continued in the next issue, with emphasis upon books dealing with biography and careers, as well as additional material on picture books, and books addressed to the "youngest youngsters." Reviewers will again be Leo Lerman, Marjorie Flack, and Rosemary Dawson. This will be followed in the Christmas issue (December 5) with a survey of the seasonal books and fiction.

Unusual Books

THREE recent picture books may be more enjoyable to parents than to the children. "Rosebud," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Random House, $1), the story of an enraged pink rabbit, is too sophisticated for most readers under eight, despite the bright charm of his illustrations, in which a blue elephant and a purple whale run riot. In "Marshmallow" Clare Turlay Newberry has once again given children really beautiful drawings of animals—in this case, of a rabbit and a cat. There is a detachable illustration which would make a happy addition to any nursery. Too static a story for very small children, it will be cherished by readers old enough to respect it. Ruth Gannet has made beautiful lithographs of one of the most unbeautiful of all creatures, the hippopotamus, for her story of "Hi-Po the Hippo," by Dorothy Thomas (Random House, $3.50), which unfolds with a Victorian setting. Children will like recognizing the little hippo boys who pester Mr. Hippo page after page.

"Ambrose Kangaroo," by Elisabeth Macintyre (Scribner's, $1.50), the least sophisticated of this group, is illustrated with gay water-colors and introduces the best-known of the Australian animals. It should make delightful reading for the very young.

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The Phoenix Nest

RETURNS on Louis Tracy keep on coming in, and we can only thank the following for their information: A. Gaylord Beaman, Secretary of California College in China Foundation, Pauline Cook of Iowa City, and Reid Irving of Crownsville, Maryland. Mrs. Richard Philipp, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, reminds us that "when desert island life reduced the heroine's long skirt to rags, she put on the trousers of a drowned sailor, with many blushes, and the hero was careful to keep his gaze directed well above her waist!" What with war-working women now going to the polls in slacks, things have certainly changed!

Poor Bridget and Unbeaten France

D. Sanial Gill, of Dade City, Florida, asks if his "Poor Bridget's Last Jest" might not be apropôs of Arthur Stringer's "Sour Wine." Harold Vinal first printed it for Mr. Gill in "Poems," 1927. We are glad to reprint it here, omitting one verse:

Worruk-bate, I'm down, despairin',
With the Death in me throat not carin',
Faith, glad to be outward farin'.

Me sons that I've born'll not wail me,
The lads that have lived but to fail me—
Or the Divil'd not dared to hail me!

Me ould man? To-night he'll come reelin',
Me stiff-stark shape he'll be feelin',
Ha, Mither av Christ, what a squealin'!

Fer the wanst, me old sot'll not curse me—
But gather his wits fer to hearse me!

Our confrère, Bennett Cerf, turns our way a little French poem that John Valentine of Decatur, Illinois, clipped from the *London Times Literary Supplement*. It seems, according to the *Times*, that the following verses, author unnamed, are being passed from hand to hand in France, and committed to memory:

Dites-moi où, en quelz pais
Sont allés nos chapons du Maine?
Nos vaches grasses, nos brebis,
Et nos moutons de haulte laine?
Surpris par disette soubdaine
Nous restons là, claquant des dens;
Rien à mettre dans nos bedaines,
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

Où s'en va le cuir de nos beufz?
Poinct n'est-ce nous qui portons bottes.
Où vont nostre beurre et nos oeufz?
Nous n'en avons cageots ni mottes.
Semblablement où vont les crottes
de chocolat? Ce nouvel an
J'en ai vu emporter des bottes.
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

La crème blanche comme ung lys,
Le lard rose à la brune couenne,
Nos bons fromaiges de pais,
Les patates de nos domaines,
Et les lapins de nos garennes
Qui sont occis par l'occupant,
Où vont-ilz, Vierge Souveraine?
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

ENVOI.
Prince, n'enquerrez de sepmaine
Où tout cey va, ni de cestan:
Tout va chez notre soeur germaine.
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

Walbridge Says

We are always glad to hear from Earle Walbridge, who now tells us that "The Incomplete Amorist" was the title of one of "E. Nesbit's" adult novels, "and proves you are as besotted a Nesbittian as your humble servant, at heart."

Speaking of E. Nesbit, who was Mrs. Hubert Bland, the Harper office doesn't seem to have read their own "G. B. S.: A Full-Length Portrait," by Hesketh Pearson, very carefully, if the captions on the illustrations and the list of them are to be regarded as evidential. In both, Hubert Bland is called "Herbert" Bland, which would make that very complete amorist roar with rage. And Harley Granville-Barker is called *Harvey*. Hesketh Pearson's bibliography is also not very complete; he must have used Doris Langley Moore's "E. Nesbit; a Biography," but he doesn't list it. (London: Benn, 1933.) Apart from these minor flaws, it is a completely fascinating book, and juicy with *drames à clef*.

"Amos Judd" is taken up in a doctor's thesis, and a charming and readable one (if you can imagine that.) It's the late Dorothy Scarborough's "The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction," Putnam, 1917!—and still in print.

"Wings of the Morning" concerned the wreck of the *Sirdar* on Rainbow Island. Anstruther brought Iris to, with a maidenly blush, when he explained that "I wanted to unfasten your corsets." Then he stayed her with water from a pitcherplant and comforted her with the fruit of the plantain tree; fought off Dyaks; found a gold mine; and delivered her to her father, incidentally foiling the villain. All this was depicted in color, with appropriate bravura, in the edition illustrated by Mead Schaeffer (1924). Tracy, born in 1868, was in New York with the British Mission in 1917. He died in 1928, on August 13th, leaving unfinished a story called "The Fatal Thirteen," of

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 450)

SAMUEL BUTLER:
THE NOTE-BOOKS
(GENIUS)

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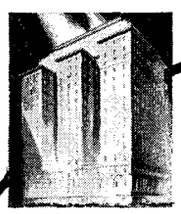

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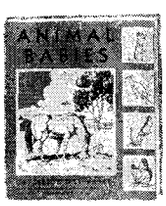

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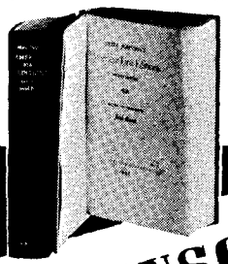

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which he had written only thirteen chapters.

If you go in for adventure-detection of the British type, interspersed with fun and games, "Appleby on Ararat," by Michael Innes, and "Mr. Pidgeon's Island" (Pidgeon as in Walter!), a Roger Sheringham story (very good too), by Anthony Berkeley, should be your pigeon. "Lost" (1933), by Dale Collins, stands the old wrecked-on-a-desert-island formula on its head. (A ship with an insane captain gets wrecked in the Antarctic.)

Since Mrs. Irwin reads the *SRL* regularly, may I register the acute pleasure I derived from her "Phoebe and Ernest" stories thirty years ago? They were probably the best stories about smalltown adolescents ever written.

Another superior island story is, of course, "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells.

We should ourself like to ask, anent stories of youth and childhood, who now recalls William Allen White's "A Boy's Town," Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," or Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Stories," even though they all, of course, belong among the classics? Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," "Magnificent Ambersons," and his Penrod stuff, and Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville tales, are also gilt-edged. And so many years ago that Rupert Hughes has probably forgotten all about it, he wrote and had published in the old *St. Nicholas* one of our eternal best-bets, "The Lakerim Athletic Club." Remember Reddy and Reddy's brother? Of course, we have gone into the matter of Kirk Munroe's books for boys exhaustively with Ward Greene of King Features Syndicate, who has long been Honorary President of the Society for the Promulgation of Kirk Munroe!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Lennie Small, in "Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck.
2. Brutus Jones, in "The Emperor Jones," by Eugene O'Neill.
3. Hyman Kaplan, in "The Education of Hyman Kaplan," by Leonard Q. Ross.
4. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
5. Hans Castorp, in "The Magic Mountain," by Thomas Mann.
6. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.
7. Peachey Carnahan, in "The Man Who Would Be King," by Rudyard Kipling.
8. Aggie Pilkington, in "Tish," by Mary Roberts Rinehart.
9. The Old Man in the Corner, in the stories of Baroness Orczy.
10. Linley, in "The Diamond Lens," by Fitz James O'Brien.

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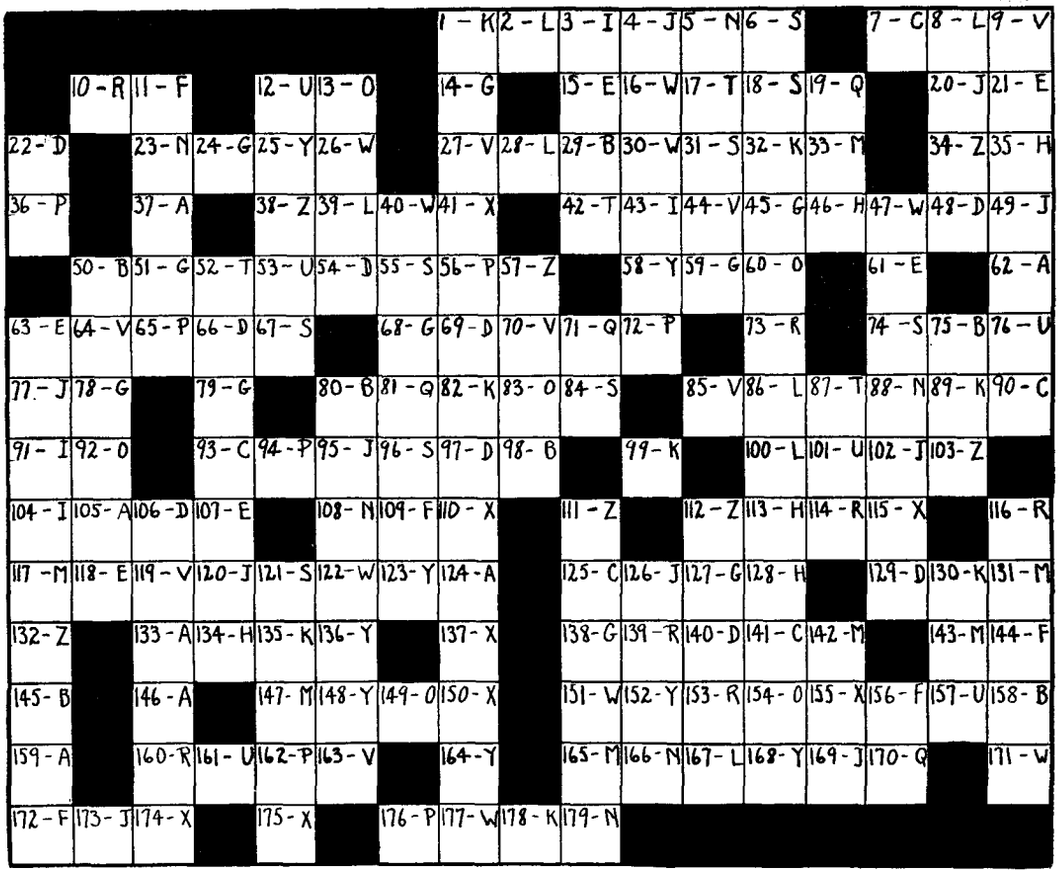
The Crostics Club

ANTI-DIAGRAMLESS DCers just about match anti-*tow-rowers* in their vociferous denunciation. Elizabeth Lourie, Denver, wants no such *abomination;* Agnes Anderson, Cincinnati, *hates* them; Kathryn Gilbert, Grand Rapids, Minn., hopes that *disaster* can be averted; Elizabeth Toms, New York City, writes her reiterated *NOs* in caps; George Boissard, Madison, Wis., prefaces his NO with a *decidedly;* Charles Middendorf, Brooklyn, suggests a *book* of them for any who insist; Alves Long, Columbia, S. C., pleads, *"Don't do that";* and H. H., N. Y., adds his protest. But—Mary L. Gornt, Cleveland, suggests a trial as a test and welcome change, and a West Hartford fan prefers them to the the usual ones. Steven Byington, Ballard Vale, Mass., reminds us that diagramless puzzles are no innovation, and for that matter, in the "good old days of his boyhood" puzzles were far more difficult.

I have long wanted to introduce you to Brenda Putnam, noted sculptor, daughter of our ex-Librarian of Congress, Herbert Putnam. Brenda always interrupts her Chelsea district studio work long enough to unravel the week's DC. (Neysa McNein once wrote us that when a DC was at hand the dust settled in her studio.) A woman who insists on being a sculptor has grit, but Brenda is quaintly lovable, too. I met her through her first sculpture teacher, Mollie Moore, Cambridge, Mass., a DCer, when I wanted to use a quotation from Brenda's new book, "The Sculptor's Way." Now, Brenda writes, she is forsaking sculpture for a stiff course in mechanical drawing, to be of some use in this mechanized day: "Ninety per cent of Mechanical Drawing is solving puzzles! Guessing, with but meagre clues, what the invisible side of an object looks like, and then drawing it! My instructor assures me that I'm quite good at it, and I know that the foundation lies in my beloved Crostics, which present the same posers in words as my new studies do in lines. So 'thank you, teacher'." (Of course I know that quick wits aren't developed overnight even by DCs!)

Florence M. Hitchcock, Philadelphia, led by our quotation from "The Mystic Trumpeter" to take down her "lovely copy of 'Leaves of Grass' "—a dividend of the-Book-of-the-Month Club some time ago—finished by reading the Preface to the 1855 Edition, also in the same volume, and was so "carried away by it that she wished it might be reprinted in some magazine or paper of wide circulation today, so applicable is it to our present time of stress"; and, enclosing a particular extract of it, she adds, "I wonder if the *Saturday Review* would make a reprint in one of their numbers of the entire preface."

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 451

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 29 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Playful; frisky.

B. Pulitzer-Prize play in 1938.

C. Any viscous substance dirty or offensive.

D. Resembling the soil.

E. A stone city built by the Israelites for the Pharaoh of the oppression.

F. Author of "The Covered Wagon"—1922.

G. In a distressing predicament (phrase).

H. A divine or presiding spirit.

I. Applied to one of two games of fives.

J. Free-verse narrative by MacLeish (with *The*—1925).

K. Inane views, amusements, etc. (comp.)

L. Husband of Hannah (Bib.)

M. Alertly conscious of (2 wds.)

N. Asleep (playfully, for children).

O. Eager; impatient; anxious (phrase).

P. Historic French town again made famous recently.

Q. An exciting and often dubious story.

R. The philosophico-theological system of Thomas Aquinas.

S. Elevated, dignified (comp.)

T. Poetic name for one of the European countries.

U. Title and heroine of opera by Ambroise Thomas.

V. National Park (U. S.)

W. English poet, critic, etc. (1837-1909).

X. The house-sparrow (comp.)

Y. Now good, now bad in performance (sports—comp.)

Z. Crying like rooks.

WORDS

133 37 159 124 146 62 105

29 75 98 50 145 80 158

7 141 90 125 93

48 106 22 129 69 66 140 54 97

15 61 107 63 21 118

156 11 109 144 172

79 59 51 24 68 138 14 78 45 127

35 134 46 128 113

43 104 3 91

4 126 120 102 20 169 173 49 95 77

89 99 82 32 1 178 135 130

2 86 100 8 167 39 28

131 165 143 147 142 33 117

108 23 88 5 166 179

149 83 154 60 92 13

36 65 56 176 94 162 72

19 81 170 71

10 139 114 153 73 116 160

96 55 31 121 84 74 18 6 67

87 42 52 17

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110 115 175 41 155 150 137 174

164 148 58 123 168 152 25 136

38 34 103 112 111 132 57

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WE COULD HAVE QUOTED from dozens of reviews of *Look to the Mountain*. But we have taken this space to reprint in full one which gives you an idea of what everyone is saying about it. BRUCE LANCASTER, in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, writes:

NOT overhead, but off in the midst of the sky, he saw the mountain come out.

He saw it riding alone in the sky, just the gray granite top with a touch of the sun on it — and underneath it was the sky.' So Whit Livingston saw Coruway Mountain — Chocorua — from his new lands in the heart of New Hampshire in the year 1769. 'I seen Coruway Mountain settin' on top of the weather,' he says to himself, and the sight of the granite mass somehow dominates him as it tacitly dominates *Look to the Mountain*, in which Mr. Le Grand Cannon, Jr., has fashioned one of the finest historical novels that this reviewer has ever read.

"THE story of Whitfield Livingston and Melissa Butler, whom he takes as a bride to the untouched lands above the headwaters of the Merrimac, is told with a stark simplicity, is told in a superb prose that often touches poetry, and is told with an utter naturalness which will leave the reader with the feeling: *'This* is the way it was.'

"Never does Mr. Cannon have recourse to contrived situations. Never does he warp his story to curve it around some gaudy personality or event. With unlabored sureness he has built an enduring picture, solid, accurate. He knows how people of that time and place housed themselves, fed themselves, armed themselves. He knows what they drank, what they talked about, what they feared and hoped. And with this knowledge he projects the reader into the chosen milieu until the twentieth century becomes something hanging far off in a distant and unpredictable future.

"He knows Chocorua and New Hampshire as a musician knows his instrument. And how Mr. Cannon makes those old names thunder through his pages! Coruway Mountain, Great Ossipy, Casumpy, Contoocook, Amoskeag, and Suncook. The whole countryside is a clavier on which he plays with rare skill.

"THE saga of Whit and Melissa is so simple that it might well have tripped a less able writer. Children of highly unadmirable fathers, they contrive to marry and then slip away to the land that Whit has staked out under the shadow of the mountain. A house is built. Land is cleared and crops come on. So do children. The holdings grow, slowly and painfully. Other pioneers settle as the years drift by, and to them Whit is known as a steady man.

"Outside, the world rumbles on, almost unheeded. News of the Concord fight, there in the lee of the mountain, is less important than the death under a falling tree of neighbor Philbrick. Bunker Hill, dimly known and more dimly comprehended, is dwarfed by the question of who will wed Philbrick's widow, for then the rest of the settlers won't have to keep her in meat and wood. Burgoyne's march touches them largely through fear of the Indians he's said to be bringing with him, for there haven't been Indians in the woods since 1759. And that fear is overshadowed by Jonas Moore's mishap with a fishing spear. The book ends after Whit's return from Bennington, a battle which he attends logically, realistically, and casually. It might have ended sooner. It might have gone on for another decade. The pattern is set, universal, and timeless. Timelessness. That is the feeling with which the book leaves one. The struggles of Whit and Melissa are cut from the same pattern as those of Gil Martin and Lana in *Drums Along the Mohawk*, as those of Wang Lung in *The Good Earth*.

"AND in this simple frame are packed gorgeous characters, traced with never a blurred line. Portygee Joe; Reverend Gowan; Jonas and Ida Moore; Hackett, the trapper; shiftless Dutiful Jackman —they file through the pages, a stream of delight for the reader. They speak in strong dialect, yet it never wearies. They have an old-time respect for the craftsman: 'Matthew Patten — he makes a *good* paddle.' There are salty twists of speech. The stew that 'started with a pa'tridge and worked up from there.' The question: 'What ails you? You got one female to talk to.' And the lonely woman's reply 'I know. But we need another to talk about.'

"And there is high drama, not contrived, but due to Mr. Cannon's skill. Bennington is vividly described, but it is no more gripping than the first weary trek to the mountain's shadow. There is horror under fire, but it yields to the weight of the wilderness that lonely Melissa feels, winter-bound. The mere gift of a puppy is almost a turning point in the fight against the forest and the elements. Nor is any triumph greater than Whit's rising to the ownership of a pair of oxen.

"It's an exciting story. It's a moving one. And above all, it's a tough story, for it is hewn out of the very roots of this nation. Implicit on every page are thoughts that Americans of 1942 will do well to grip tightly. The book is timely as well as timeless."

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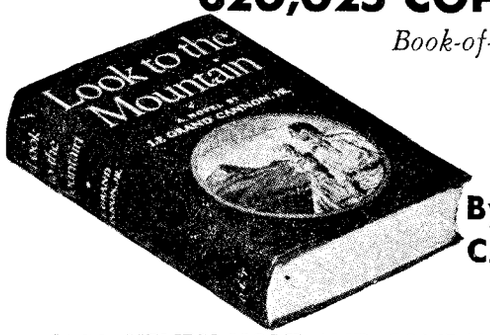

By LE GRAND CANNON, Jr.

$2.75, HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, NEW YORK

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